

# Federal Grand Jury Indicts Townsend, Two Aides

## The Weather

World's Best Climate  
Unsettled tonight and Friday

Journal Newscasts, KVOE (1500 kc.)  
8:30 a. m.; 12:30, 4:30, 8:30 p. m.

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More and More People Are Reading The Journal—It's More Interesting!

SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1936

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## HOME Edition

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# Santa Ana Journal

More and More People Are Reading The Journal—It's More Interesting!

# KING DEFIES BALDWIN AND CABINET

## Charge Contempt For Refusing to Testify in Probe

WASHINGTON. (AP)—Dr. Francis E. Townsend, co-founder of the Townsend old-age pension movement, and two associates were indicted by a federal grand jury today on contempt charges growing out of their defiance of a congressional investigating committee. The Rev. Clinton B. Kiefer of Chicago, both of whom were regional directors of the Townsend organization, were named along with the elderly California physician.

Harry L. Underwood, assistant United States attorney, told newsmen no bench warrants would be issued today for either Townsend or his aides, but that an attempt would be made through former Senator Thomas W. Hardwick of Georgia, Townsend's attorney, to have the pension advocate surrendered.

### Possible Penalties

Until that point is settled, Underwood said, nothing would be done about bringing Wunder and Kiefer to trial. He added both had agreed previously to surrender whenever notified.

If convicted, Underwood said the defendants would be liable to fines ranging from \$100 to \$1000 and imprisonment from one month to a year.

The grand jury returned the indictments less than two weeks after the case was presented.

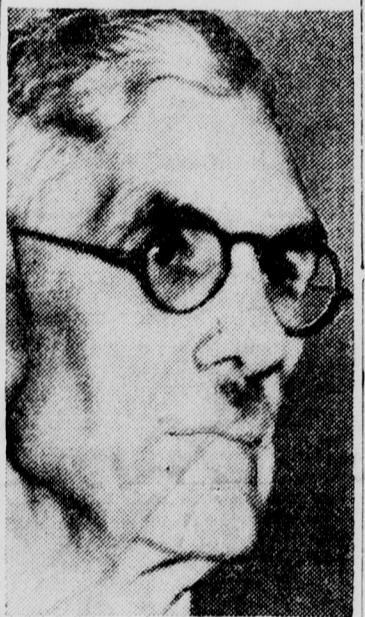
### Specific Charges Told

Specifically, they charged Townsend with "knowingly and wilfully" absenting himself from a house committee investigating old age pensions, headed by Representative Bell (D., Mo.) and with refusing to testify last spring. Wunder and Kiefer were charged with ignoring committee subpoenas to appear.

Evidence of their defiance of the house was presented to the grand jury on Nov. 20. At that time, Leslie C. Garnett, United States attorney for the District of Columbia, said Wunder and Kiefer had conferred with him regarding the advisability of appearing before the grand jury but had decided against such a course.

## PACIFIC LIFE PLAN OKED

### Indicted



Dr. Francis E. Townsend, who today was indicted by a federal grand jury in Washington, D. C., on contempt charges growing out of his refusal to testify earlier this year before a congressional committee investigating his old age pension plan.

In an oral opinion from the bench that required nearly two hours, Judge Henry M. Willis ruled constitutionally the new sections of the state insurance code under which Carpenter started moves for reorganization of the company.

Carpenter's plan provides full protection to holders of all policies except non-cancelable disability policies and reduction of benefits on these of 10 to 80 per cent, depending on their series. The plan also offers a means by which these reduced benefits may be restored 100 per cent eventually.

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The act, Clark said, will provide that the state contract with experts for the actual drilling operations and for refining and marketing of oil obtained from the huge pool which oil men claim lies beneath the ocean a short distance off Huntington Beach. This, he said, will meet objections against the state "going into the oil business."

Governor Frank Merriam has proposed that the state either drill for the huge fortune in oil or let contracts for the production.

Participants in the bitter Huntington Beach tideland oil drilling battle today were preparing to enter another oil fight which is expected to end in the state legislature shortly after Jan. 4, when a proposal for state development of ocean pools will be introduced.

Assemblyman John Gee Clark of Long Beach announced today that he will introduce a bill which will empower the state to condemn littoral lands for slant drilling and will "put an end to the menace of pollution of the beaches through island drilling."

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Deputy District Attorney C. E. Sprague was prosecuting, with N. D. Meyer acting as Serna's attorney.

Manuel Serna, charged with a statutory offense against a 16-year-old girl here on two occasions, was facing testimony of the girl and others today at a preliminary hearing in Santa Ana.

The preliminaries to this agreement were of equal import. Hitler and Mussolini buried the hatchet and decided to work together on many major issues.

The new brotherhood commenced to operate immediately with each keeping a wary eye on the other.

One of their first moves was to combine in backing the Fascist insurgents of Spain against the Russian-supported, radical government.

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## NEWPORT BOY KILLED IN TRAFFIC

Dale Allen Blue Struck While Crossing Los Feliz Boulevard

Dale Allen Blue, 19-year-old sophomore at the University of Southern California and resident of Newport Beach, was killed instantly last night when he was struck by a car as he attempted to cross Los Feliz boulevard in Los Angeles.

He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Dallas K. Blue of Newport and was graduated from Newport Harbor High school. His father is a prominent garage man and automobile dealer in the bay district. He also is survived by two younger brothers, Gaylord and Jerry Blue.

The youth's mother had not learned of his death this morning. She had gone to Detroit to drive a new car to Newport and the machine stalled in Arkansas. She was scheduled to arrive home yesterday afternoon, but her family had not heard from her this morning, it was reported.

The Blue family is well known in the harbor district, having lived there for a number of years.

An inquest will be held tomorrow afternoon in Los Angeles. Funeral arrangements will be in charge of the Dixon chapel at Costa Mesa.

## MORE ABOUT WAR

(Continued from Page 1) start a war. They want to prevent the spread of Communism in their own countries.

Moscow's answer to this has been a persistent "bunk," in about that language.

With all this, Germany, Russia and Japan have continued to devote their energies to rearming until they have constructed three of the most powerful machines the world has known.

### All Tell Strength

Within a few days officials in both Moscow and Berlin have been advertising the great strength of their respective countries, for the benefit of the other fellow, and from the All-Union Congress of Soviets came to the Nazis the warning of "let them beware."

The Japanese, while equally busy, have not been talking much. It is their nature to play cards close to their chests.

Hitler, as publicity agent and stage manager of the anti-Communist show, has crashed front pages of the press with utterances which did nothing to dispel the thought among observers that war might be in the offing.

His speech at the Nazi congress in Nurnberg a few months ago, speculating on what Germany could do with the Russian Ukraine if she had it, was not interpreted as a peace gesture.

### No War Until Spring

The sharp-shooting between Berlin and Moscow has become more pronounced in recent days, and it may be mere coincidence that the increased activity has come with the approach of winter. The rest of a war-sick world has at least this consolation: The gunmen are perfecting using wadding instead of bullets in their cartridges—after the manner of some European duelists. The answer to this is that nobody can wage war on Russia once the deep snows and subzero weather have arrived.

Possibly an air attack might be managed over the frozen wastes. But the ingenuity of man has not yet developed a mechanical device which will take the place of infantry in mopping up and annexing territory. Nothing much is likely to happen before spring, if then.

### Want Amur Basin

Within the northern part of this territory is the Amur basin, abounding in gold and other metals, filled with fertile valleys and excellent timber lands, and providing fine furs. It is watered by the Amur river and tributaries—one of the great waterways of the globe and navigable for some 1600 miles.

All that joined to Manchuria, and forming a solid block to the coast, would make a wonderful addition to the Japanese empire. Moreover, its possession would reduce the danger of attack from Russia, since the Soviet's air, military and naval strength of the east is centered in the Vladivostok area.

Russia: She already has all the territory she needs, but it is the ambition of the Communist party to see the world sovietized. Victory in war would increase her prestige and enable her to extend this influence, though she has stated emphatically many times that she does not want war but wishes only to be left alone to get ahead with her industrial development.

Russia and France are allies, and have agreed to come to each other's assistance in event of un-

## MORE ABOUT KING EDWARD

(Continued from Page 1) that I should be questioned about it at this stage."

### Difficulty Explained

If the cabinet should resign in as many expected in view of the king's firm stand, the ruler probably would not be able to form another government, authoritative parliamentarians said.

Baldwin knows that and has told King Edward the exact situation, they said.

Under parliamentary procedure, if the ministers disagree with any of the king's actions in which they deem themselves responsible to parliament, they have the privilege of resigning. Then the monarch faces the problem of forming a new government.

### Two Courses Open

If he is not able to do this, then he must recall the resigned prime minister—but only on the terms of the latter.

Should he refuse to re-summon the former cabinet head, there are only two courses open to him:

1. He may abdicate, which in this instance would constitute forceful removal from the throne.

2. He may—as did Charles the First—attempt to set up a government without a parliament.

### Baldwin Plans Coup

Baldwin reported to have obtained support from the Church of England whose prelates object to Mrs. Simpson because she is a divorced woman, is supposed to have secured backing from parliament.

Tonight usually reliable sources reported that Baldwin and his cabinet advisers had completed the draft of a tentative bill which would make the Duke of York king of England—if Edward should abdicate.

The king's abdication would not make York automatically the king; even though, as Edward's eldest brother, he is the heir presumptive. A bill, passed by both the houses of lords and commons, and signed by Edward, would be needed.

### Mrs. Simpson Agitated

It was reported Baldwin's strategy was to have everything ready to rush the legislation through

warranted aggression. France and Germany are bitter enemies. Germany would give much to see at least one of these antagonists rendered impotent.

Mrs. Simpson was described by her friends as agitated because her presence in the city has been misinterpreted.

Whatever the outcome, it was learned on excellent authority, Mrs. Simpson probably will leave England soon to seek seclusion either on the continent or on an ocean voyage.

### Not to America

She will remain away for several months, but does not intend to go to America.

Her friends said she remained deeply concerned lest her friendship with Edward affect adversely either his personal interests or the welfare of the British realm. She will stay by his side until the king, himself, sanctions her departure, however.

The first actual cabinet conference on the royal problem came after hasty consideration of the Spanish war situation last Friday, informed sources declared.

### King in Hot Retort

Baldwin renewed the issue Monday in conversation with King Edward.

One report said the king reminded the prime minister tartly that he was "still king" and the cabinet's concern over the Simpson case was an intrusion into his personal affairs.

Baldwin then sought and obtained commons support for the cabinet's view and was still pondering the problem when the Right Rev. A. W. F. Blunt, bishop of Bradford, made his now famous speech concerning the king's need of God's grace.

The bishop yesterday interpreted his remarks as pertaining solely to the monarch's spiritual life when he said "some of us wish he gave more positive signs" he is aware of this need.

### Alien to Become Citizen Simply By Taking Oath

For the first time in Orange county's history, an alien will become a citizen of United States here next Wednesday, simply by taking the oath of allegiance.

She is Mrs. Harriet Alma Murray of Orange, who lost her citizenship when she became the wife of a Canadian. Her husband since has died.

Under a new legislative act recently passed, widows who before their marriage were citizens of this country may regain their citizenship by swearing allegiance to this country.

Mrs. Murray is one of a class of 56 who will appear in superior court Wednesday in an examination for the citizenship papers. England leads the list of nations represented with 27. Eleven countries are represented.

### Soil Saving Aid Offered Farmers

Any Orange county farmer who wishes to adopt soil conservation practices may have federal engineering aid, it was announced today following a two-day conference of farm advisors and Soil Conservation Service officials here.

Farmers whose land is not in the El Tor or La Habra demonstration areas may apply for engineering aid through the farm advisor's office, it was announced. Applications will be forwarded to J. B. Brown, extension specialist in soil conservation, at the University of California.

Farmers in the demonstration areas receive in addition to engineering advice, CCC and WPA labor furnished through the SCS. They furnish their own materials and agree to maintain the conservation works for five years.

### Seeks Letters for \$18,000 Estate

Royer C. Payan, Anaheim, petitioned today in superior court for special letters of administration in the estate of his father, Maurice D. Payan, who died Nov. 19, leaving an estate valued at more than \$18,000.

The estate consists of Olive property, an Orange county land, holdings on Big Bear lake, and several life insurance policies.

Heirs are the widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Payan, Olive; two daughters, Florence P. Mathews, Brea, and Ethel P. Russell, Brea; two sons, Royer C. Payan, Anaheim, and Virgil A. Payan, Olive.

## FALL'S FIGHT FOR RANCH SETTLED

(Continued from Page 1)

which union spokesmen said was shifted from the Pittsburgh firm in an effort to defeat the strike for union recognition there.

### One Demand Settled

SANTA FE, N. M. (AP)—The bitter and long-drawn sequel to Albert B. Fall's conviction of accepting an oil man's bribe while secretary of the interior—the fight to retain residence in the Midland ranch home at Tres Ritos, N. M.—apparently was at its conclusion today.

The bid-ridden former public official's appeal from a lower court decision in the ejection suit brought by the Petroleum Securities Corp., a unit in the vast oil empire built by the late Edward L. Doheny, was dismissed in New Mexico's supreme court late yesterday on stipulation of counsel.

Attorneys for the Harding cabinet member and for the petroleum corporation signed the stipulation, which was approved by Chief Justice Daniel K. Sadler. The terms were not announced.

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## MORE ABOUT STRIKES

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## WEATHER

Unsettled tonight and Friday, occasional rain, light, moderate, changeable wind off coast, mostly southerly.

## TEMPERATURES

(Courtesy Knox & Stout)

High, 63 degrees at 11:30 a. m.; low, 52 degrees at 7:30 a. m.

Yesterday

High, 66 degrees at 1 p. m.; low, 46 degrees at 5:30 a. m.

## TIDE TABLE

(Courtesy, Coast & Geodetic Survey)

A. M. A.M. P.M.

Dec. 3 1:22 6:15 12:50 7:50

2:28 7:27 5:57 0:44

Dec. 4 2:28 7:45 1:07 8:16

4:22 2:27 4:33 0:00

## SUN AND MOON

Dec. 3 Sun rises 6:40 a. m.; sets 4:42 p. m.

Moon rises 10:19 p. m.; sets 10:52 a. m.

Dec. 4

Run rises 6:41 a. m.; sets 4:42 p. m.

Moon rises 11:17 p. m.; sets 11:23 a. m.

Dec. 5

Sun rises 6:42 a. m.; sets 4:42 p. m.

Moon rises 11:52 p. m.

## OPRETTE IS STAGED AT WILLARD

BY CARL DOWNS and CHARLINE CHAMBERS

The Willard school operetta "Who's Who," had its first presentation to Willard students this afternoon. In a recent bulletin the evening performance was changed from Friday night to tonight at 8 o'clock. Friday afternoon's performance at 2 p. m. will be for students who do not go to Willard. Also parents that cannot come to the evening performance will be admitted to Friday's matinee, according to Miss Davis, director.

The ticket sale for the Willard operetta started last Friday, giving students plenty of time to sell their share of the tickets. A prize of \$1.00 will be given to the student selling the most tickets. The home room running first or second will receive a free period.

## Plot Outlined

The price for elementary and junior high students is 10¢ for any performance. High school and junior college students, as well as adults, will be charged 25¢, and a cordial invitation to the parents is extended by the school.

The three-act operetta has a very interesting plot. The boys at Kings hall, a clubhouse, are initiating two new members, Bob and Jerry (the jesters). As a part of the initiation, arrangements are made for Bob and Jerry to call on the girls at Crane hall that evening. As the two boys are strangers to the girls, they are instructed to wear white flowers in their button holes.

## Mistaken Identity

In the meantime John, the janitor of Kings hall, and his friend Dan, call up the cook and the maid at Crane hall and arrange to call that same night. The names of the cook and the maid have been given to the men by a matrimonial agency. Since John and Daniel have never seen them they plan to wear white flowers in their button holes as identification.

Evening comes and the callers arrive at Crane house. Of course there is a mix-up and it isn't until a week later at a masquerade party that everything is straightened out.

## Dance Featured

The first act builds up the mistake in identity, act two pictures the tangle at its height, and in the final act it is all worked out and "everyone lives happily ever after."

An interesting feature of the operetta is a dance directed by Miss Anderson. Katherine Hambright, Phyllis Bemis, Numa Hassell, Carroll Jean Hammott, Polly Cartwright, Lois Wright and Marilyn Wright are the dancers.

## Birth Notices

VALENZUELA—To Mr. and Mrs. Juan Valenzuela, Dec. 2, at their home, 312 East Adams street, a son, David. DEVINE—To Mr. and Mrs. Walter Devine, 6411 Valencia, Mrs. Clyde Ewing of Hollywood; a son, C. E. Hudleston of Anaheim; two sisters, Mrs. William Van Slyck, 21, and Mrs. Edna Stoen, 20. Walter is 40 grandchild and four great-grandchildren. Funeral services will be conducted at the Hilgenfeld Funeral home in Anaheim tomorrow at 1 p. m., with burial in Fairhaven cemetery.

WRIGHT—Maud M. Wright, 67, died in Santa Ana Dec. 1. She was a widow by a son, Angus Fawcett of Marion, Ind.; three brothers, Frank A. Wright of Roosevelt, Okla., and Thad O. Wright of Lodi. Funeral services will be held Saturday at 1 p. m. at the Brown and Wagner chapel with the Rev. C. F. Martin officiating and burial in Westminster Memorial Park cemetery.

## Intentions to Wed

Louis M. Portillo, 21; Mary Guzman, 18, Los Angeles. Dec. 2.

Earl Arnold, 21; Violetta Armstrong, 18, Long Beach.

Joe William Haley, 24; Frances M. Van Gorder, 23, at the Golden Grove Maternity home; a daughter, Maureen Virginia.

TATUM—To Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Tatman, at Santa Ana Valley hospital, Dec. 3, a daughter.

## Death Notices

HUDDLESTON—Omer Huddleston, 76, died last night in Anaheim. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Emma Huddleston; two daughters, Mrs. Freda Huddleston, 32, and Mrs. Mrs. Clyde Ewing of Hollywood; a son, C. E. Hudleston of Anaheim; two sisters, Mrs. William Van Slyck, 21, and Mrs. Edna Stoen, 20. Walter is 40 grandchild and four great-grandchildren. Funeral services will be conducted at the Hilgenfeld Funeral home in Anaheim tomorrow at 1 p. m., with burial in Fairhaven cemetery.

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## Marriage Licenses

Weaver B. Layne, 22; Marie D. Duquaine, 20, both of Beachwood.

Rodolfo Mendoza, 31; Josephine Lopez, 24, Gardena.

American Legion auxiliary, post No. 1131, Veterans hall, 7:30 p. m. S. A. chapter, R. A. M., No. 73, Masonic temple, 8 p. m.

Toastmasters club, El Camino chapter, Doris Kathryn cafe, 6:15 p. m.

I. O. O. F. lodge, I. O. O. F. hall, 7:30 p. m.

Standard Life association, M. W. A. hall, 7:30 p. m.

Security Benefit association, Hoffman hall, 8 p. m.

Jubilee Lodge, F. and A. M., Masonic temple, 7:30 p. m.

Toastmasters club, El Camino chapter, Doris Kathryn cafe, 6:15 p. m.

Golden State Luncheon club, 1253 West Fourth street, noon.

Elks wives' public card party, B. P. O. E. clubhouse, 2 p. m.

Veteran Rebekahs, I. O. O. F. hall, 2 p. m.

Orange county philathetic society, Webers bakery, 7:30 p. m.

Bazar, First Methodist church, 2 to 9 p. m.; supper after 5 p. m.

Neighbors of Woodcraft, M. W. A. hall, 8 p. m.

Ernest Kellogg post and auxiliary, V. F. W., K. of P. hall, 8 p. m.

Homesteaders' Life association, Hoffman hall, 8 p. m.

Santa Ana Lodge No. 251, F. and A. M., Masonic temple, 8 p. m.

McMolay-Job's Daughters dance, Veterans hall, 8 to 11:30 p. m.

Trinity Lutheran guild, assembly hall, 7:30 p. m.

Girls' Ebell, Russell home, Orange, 3:30 p. m.

Homesteaders' Life association, Hoffman hall, 8 p. m.

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# DONS TRANSFER M'BEALL TO FULLBACK

Column  
Left  
—By—  
PAUL WRIGHT

ALL-AMERICA STAFF  
Los Angeles Jaysee, the 4000-student institution that challenges Santa Ana's right to the Southern California association football title here tomorrow night, annually enlists talent which should be groomed into champions because the Cubs have an all-star cast of coaches. Just look at 'em:

1. Glenn Ackerman, veteran head coach, from Oregon State.

2. Joe Fleming, ex-Brown captain who was the first to be mentioned for all-America honors at U. C. L. A.

3. Ted Shipkey, Stanford's all-American end.

4. Milton (Red) Hand, Stanford.

5. Don Newmeyer, member of California's "wonder elevens" of the early '20s.

It sounds like a miniature all-America, this five-man "brain-trust" that has engineered the Metropolitan Cubs to the Western conference championship.

Their job has been no more thorough than that of Coaches Bill Cook and Blanchard Beatty, however. The ex-Trojans believe they possess the best Jaysee array in the southland, and are banking on their Dons to live up to this reputation despite the sad blow of losing their all-conference quarterback, Bill Greschner.

## INTENTIONAL WALKS

PROPOSED: That the American league grant its pitchers, in the case of an intentional pass, the right to notify the umpire to send the batter to first without the formality of four thrown balls.

That suggestion, to be brought before baseball moguls in their meeting next month, probably will be ignored because . . . well, here's one picture: Runners are on second and third when the player (to be walked intentionally) comes to the plate. The pitcher can ask the umpire to send the dangerous hitter down to first without running the risk of keeping four balls out of his reach. Obviously too much advantage for the hurler!

## SUBSIDIZATION PLAN

Cop-Wrighted! . . . Open subsidization of college and university athletes is advocated by Prof. Robert L. Reynolds of Wisconsin, author of a Big Ten plan that would (1) Establish an "institution" providing a free six-week course of studies at sports at the university, admitting high school graduates whose scholastic and athletic records are outstanding, and (2) Select candidates for four-year scholarships at the close of the institute session late each summer. Institute directors would grade the students on their showing in studies and sports. Professor Reynolds estimates about 100 Wisconsin high or preparatory school graduates would be admitted to the first institute . . . Climaxing Pomona college's "cousin act" staged on gridirons all over Southern California, Bill and Bob Spurgeon of Santa Ana were awarded varsity letters on the Saghen campus this week. Bill's dad, William H. Spurgeon, Jr., graduated from Pomona in 1908 after a fine athletic career in football, baseball and track. Bob's father, Robert G. Spurgeon, attended Pomona in 1909 and '10 and earned a similar all-around record.

## Mrs. Ben Livesey Wins Willowick Low-Putt Golf

Mrs. Ben Livesey annexed first place in a low-putt tournament at the Willowick golf course yesterday. The Women's South Coast Golf association will hold its annual team championship party at Huntington Beach Saturday with Huntington Beach's champions as hostesses. A dinner-dance at the Golden Bear cafe will follow golf in the afternoon.

Willowick's annual Christmas party will be held at the home of Mrs. Livesey Dec. 16.

Rawls, Marilyn Wright and Jackie Shands.

## A. A. U. Discusses Jarrett, Owens, Jewish Suspension

By ALAN GOULD

HOUSTON, Tex. (AP)—Jeremiah T. Mahoney of New York, leader of the anti-Olympic forces in last year's convention, sounded a harmonic keynote today on the eve of the 1936 annual meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States.

Mahoney was a probable choice to be returned to the A. A. U. presidency, which he yielded to Avery Brundage of Chicago, and his stand for peace cheered those desirous of a calm convention.

Nevertheless, indications pointed to efforts by some leaders, including Houston's Jack Rafferty, to bring about a showdown on events connected with this year's Olympics. Items they want aired include the expulsion of Eleanor Holm Jarrett from the American swimming team, the post-Olympic suspension of Jess Owens and the exclusion of two Jewish sprinters from the 400-meter relay team.

"Serious mistakes were made in

## Jones, Timken, Beck, Jenkens Named on All-County

## SELECT TEAM FROM BOTH DIVISIONS

Valencia's Roy Parker Of Minors Is Moved From Back to End

An all-county eleven that would cause any prep outfit in California trouble.

That's the 1936 all-Orange league team, selected by coaches and newspapermen of the 10-school circuit.

So outstanding was Roy Parker of Valencia in a back position that he was honored at end to make room for a sensational teammate, Bill (Terror) Jones, at quarterback in a brilliant backfield combination of Larry Timken of Orange and Rollo Beck of Laguna Beach at halfback and Jack Jenkins of Huntington Beach at fullback.

The running of Jones and Timken, the line-smashing and fine punting of Beck and the defensive work of Jenkins will keep the gray from any coach's hair.

Orange's champions landed two players on the first eleven, one on the second. Laguna Beach's minor division finalists landed two boys on the first, two on the second.

### FIRST ELEVEN

Ends—Walter Kelly (Newport Harbor) and Roy Parker (Valencia).

Tackles—Roy Whittemore (Anaheim) and Tom Anderson (Brea-Olinda).

Quarterback—Del Jones (Valencia).

Halfbacks—Larry Timken (Orange) and Rollo Beck (Laguna Beach).

Fullback—Jack Jenkins (Huntington Beach).

### SECOND ELEVEN

Ends—Ted DeVellebiss (Anaheim) and Ray Ortiz (Anaheim).

Tackles—Gil Nehrig (Orange) and Stanford Johnson (Huntington Beach).

Guards—Dale Mickelwaite (Laguna Beach) and Bob Ward (Garden Grove).

Quarterback—Merle Hapens (Garden Grove).

Halfbacks—Gordon Baker (Brea-Olinda) and Jim Sakamoto (Anaheim).

Fullback—Paul Francis (Tustin).

Honorable mention—Ends, Montgomery and Shick, Orange; Salazar, Tustin; Cook, San Juan Capistrano; Center—Bristow, Tustin; Herwig, Valencia; Boyd, Newport Harbor; Backs—Freeman, Huntington Beach; Blacketer, Laguna Beach; Ross, Garden Grove; Monroy, Tustin; Hender- son, Brea-Olinda.

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## Washington Places Four on Associated Press All-Pacific Coast Eleven



Here are the greatest gridiron performers of the 1936 football season on the Pacific Coast as accorded that honor by sports writers and coaches participating in the annual poll by the Associated Press. The Washington Huskies, coast conference champions, led with four players selected on the eleven—Starcevich, guard; the "scoring twins," Haines and Cain, halfbacks, and Bond, tackle. Starcevich was virtually a unanimous choice, and Herwig, California center, ranked second high with a 75 per cent vote. (Associated Press Photos)

## Goddard, Herwig Gain Places on All-Coast

By RUSSELL J. NEWLAND

SAN FRANCISCO (AP)—Fleet-footed backfield men, each one a triple-threat, take their places behind a fast, rugged hard-charging line in the Associated Press 1936 all-Pacific Coast football team.

There is weight in the forward wall, versatility and sufficient poundage in the backfield to combine every asset required for a championship team.

### Washington Places Four

University of Washington, champion of the Pacific Coast conference and the Far West's Rose Bowl defender New Year's Day, placed four men on the first eleven—Max Starcevich, guard; Charles Bond, tackle; and Halfbacks Roy Haines and Jimmie Cain.

Dick Bassi, guard, represents the University of Santa Clara, only undefeated, untied major team in the country. Gonzaga contributed its great fullback, George Karamatic, and Washington State college its all-around quarterback star, Ed Goddard.

End positions were claimed by Jack Clark of Stanford and Gene Hibbs of Southern California. Del Bjork, University of Oregon strong man, took over the other tackle berth. The center position went to Bob Herwig of the University of California in a runaway race.

Starcevich, polling the greatest number of votes in the consensus of coaches, officials and sports writers, won the distinction of line captain.

### Goddard Named Captain

Goddard was picked for backfield captain. He was the dynamo that made the Washington State team run; without him it might have been a second division squad instead of runner-up for the title.

Most versatile of the inside linemen was Washington's Starcevich. He shifted to either side of center with ease, showed marked superiority as running guard, frequently beat his men down the field for tackles on punts and averaged 45 minutes of play per game.

The line averages 203.47 pounds and the backfield 180.3%.

The all-Pacific coast team:

Pos.	Name	College	Wt.	Ht.	Age	Home
E	Jack Clark	Stanford	185	6-1	22	Los Angeles
E	Gene Hibbs	U. S. C.	211	6-2	24	Glendale, Calif.
T	Charles Bond	Wash.	210	6-2	22	Hoquiam, Wash.
T	Del Bjork	Oregon	205	6-1	22	Astoria, Ore.
G	Max Starcevich	Wash.	192	5-10	24	Duluth, Minn.
G	Dick Bassi	S. Clara	212	5-11	21	San Luis Obispo, Calif.
C	Robt. Herwig	Calif.	210	6-4	21	Pomona, Calif.
QB	Ed Goddard	W. S. C.	180	5-10	21	Escondido, Calif.
HB	James Cain	Wash.	176	5-11	23	Henderson, Okla.
HB	By Haines	Wash.	177	5-8	22	Bend, Ore.
FB	Geo. Karamatic	Gonzaga	190	9-10	19	Aberdeen, Wash.

Second Team	Pos.		Third Team	Pos.
Peters, Wash.	E	Schroeder, U. C. L. A.	E	Sports Roundup
Terry, W. S. C.	E	Finney, Santa Clara	E	By EDDIE BRUETZ
Dennerlein, St. Mary's	T	Scheyer, W. S. C.	T	
Zagar, Stanford	T	Markov, Wash.	T	
Strack, O. S. C.	G	Kordick, St. Mary's	G	
Kuhn, U. S. C.	C	Hoptowit, W. S. C.	C	
Dougherty, Santa Clara	G	Watrak, Wash.	G	
Falaschi, Santa Clara	QB	Meek, California	QB	
Gray, O. S. C.	HB	Coffis, Stanford	HB	
Popovich, Montana	HB	Bottari, California	FB	
Williams, U. C. L. A.	FB	Weissgerber, Willamette	FB	

Third Team

Schroeder, U. C. L. A.

Finney, Santa Clara

Scheyer, W. S. C.

Markov, Wash.

Kordick, St. Mary's

Hoptowit, W. S. C.

Watrak, Wash.

Meek, California

Coffis, Stanford

Bottari, California

Weissgerber, Willamette

By THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

SAN FRANCISCO—Sunny Jim McVey, 183, Pittsburgh, stopped

Butch Rogers, 189, Los Angeles (4).

John Henry Lewis Fights Jan. 15

CHICAGO (AP)—John Henry Lewis, light heavyweight champion of the world, and Maurice Strickland, clever New Zealand heavyweight, will meet in a 10-round bout at the Chicago stadium Jan. 15.

• Fights Last Night •

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## Brick Dust



## 1000 RESIDENTS FIGHT REST ROOM IN ORANGE PLAZA

## COUNCIL MAY CALL VOTE ON PLAN

## Opponents Give Counter Proposal; Project Not Yet Approved



## Asks a Million

THEIR'S been dirty work at the crossroads! Last night, some fiend in human form sneaked into The Journal back shop and changed the heading on this here now column. They put me in a motorboat!

But already I've put secret operatives to work, and they've found the villain, and I'm formulating a plan for revenge. Just wait!

As far as I've been able to discover, the sudden change in my mode of transportation was due to a slight incident a couple of Sundays ago. Very slight.

I invited a very nice guy to go fishing with me in the Gaines navy. Very nice fellow, remember?

We arose at the ungodly hour of 5 a. m. Assorted wives grumbled and refused to cook breakfasts. Households were awakened, and a great to-do surrounded the departure for the fishing grounds.

We rushed to Newport, me'n the other guy. All set for a lovely day on the ocean.

We loaded life preservers and spare gasoline and fishing poles and anchors in things in the skiff and rowed out to the slightly larger navy. All was well aboard the giant craft. Members of the crew were at their stations, 'n the motor started, and all was well.

With half-dozen spare sailors casting the lead, we started away from the mooring. All went well, until our propeller fouled the mooring rope. Unfortunately, the rope was stronger than the propeller.

A student of physics would probably be able to explain why something must happen when a fairly strong propeller meets a slightly stronger mooring rope. I can't, but I do know something happened.

The propeller stopped, but the motor kept on running. We were all set to go, but when the blasted boat was supposed to start rushing down to the sea, she didn't rush. There wasn't a rush left in her. Busted propeller shaft, or something. Clutch complication, as it were.

So we paddled back, with many grunts and groans, to the original starting place. Unloaded the boat of the life preservers, fish poles, tackle, spare batteries and the other this's and that's, and paddled back to shore.

And went fishing off the pier, instead!

And this old meany, whose name is Ed Saleh, and who works in the stereotyping department of The Journal, had to go and change the heading on this column, just because I left him, figuratively, sitting on the water!

I'm going to invite him to go fishing again, and make sure the boat's in good working order. I dunno if a stereotyping foreman's ever been used for mackerel bait before, but it's worth trying, anyway!

My friend Ed Henderson in Placentia just got back from a trip to Missouri.

Apparently his car was so happy to see him return that it caught fire. Anyway, the critter burst into flames about as soon as Ed walked into the garage.

Which goes to prove that one shouldn't treat cars too kindly.

Fire Chief Horace Lucy and Chief of Police Gus Barnes, as well as about half the population of Placentia, attended Ed's homecoming celebration, but he disappointed the fire fighters by extinguishing the blaze before the water wagon arrived.

But it was a nice party, anyway!

Called in the office of Judge Halsey Spence in Fullerton yesterday, to find out if the marryin' judge had tied any more knots lately. Guess not, and I'm not punning, either.

The judge and Constable Walter Skillman were discussing a possible foray upon some eating establishment. They were going to invite Police Sergeant John Gregory to go along, perhaps to add a further note of respectability to the party. They even hinted I could go, too. Probably as a comic relief, or something.

But Skilly broke up the party. Or rather, Skilly's law did. Along about quarter past four, Skilly started having shooting pains in his arms and legs. He began feeling something terrible, and a little investigation on our part disclosed the fact that he was worrying about his greensward. The constable's lawn, it appeared, has grown to such a height in the past week or so that every time he goes out to look for his evening paper (Journal, I hope) he gets lost, and a searching party is necessary to return him to the family supertable before everything's gone.

So, with a few well-placed groans, which did everything but arouse sympathy, Skilly skipped our dinner date and started for home and his exuberant lawn. He oughta get a goat!

## LOSES POCKETBOOK

NORTH-BALBOA — Marjorie Bunting, daughter of the principal of the Newport Beach grammar school, was short \$30 today, according to her report to the police. She lost her pocketbook yesterday with that amount in it, she said.

## Farm Center Meetings

## FRIDAY

Garden Grove center, 7:30 p. m. in Woman's Civic clubhouse. Speaker: Dian R. Gardner, on methods of water use. Musical program by Walter and Wilbur Long. Walter Schmid, president.

## COUNCILMAN NAMED AT CLEMENTE

SAN CLEMENTE — David L. Stoddard, Capitol Company head in San Clemente, last night was named to fill a vacancy on the city council, caused by resignation of Dan Mulherron a month ago.

Stoddard was named by the council on the final day before expiration of the 30-day time limit for such action. Further delay by the council would have necessitated a vote on a new member of the city board.

Immediately following his appointment, Stoddard was named commissioner of parks, playgrounds and safety and mayor pro-tem by Mayor Henry Fate. The new councilman will fill Mulherron's unexpired term, which runs to April, 1938. Mulherron, county WPA official, quit his post as councilman and mayor because of conflict with the WPA position.

Stoddard heads the San Clemente branch of the Capitol Company, which is a subsidiary of the Bank of America, large landowner here.

## 100 AT GROVE CHURCH FETE

GARDEN GROVE — More than 100 persons attended the annual Father and Son banquet of the Garden Grove Brotherhood held in the Methodist church here recently.

The program opened with community singing led by Leila Green. The high school Boys' glee club sang and Green announced a Christmas cantata for Dec. 18 and an operetta to be presented in the spring by the music department of the high school.

Harvey Emley introduced Alva Brower, La Verne, who entertained with ventriloquist acts. A motion picture, "Behind the Shadows," was shown by Mrs. Edna Smith, executive secretary of the Orange County Tuberculosis and Health association.

Other members present were Mesdames Alfred Higgins, L. W. Hemphill, Claudia Boyer, W. T. Syester, C. W. Coffey, W. L. Higgins, Clara Whittemore, Mary Fernald, Lillian Bishop, N. W. Whaley, Bell Monroe, Orra Benson, Belle Condon, Helen Meier, W. C. Rohs, M. E. Livingston, W. H. Lowry, L. W. Rorix, J. F. Lewis, H. F. Melior, Miss Emma Corson and Mrs. George Dierker, Oceanside.

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## 'SNOOPER' ON HOLLYWOOD PROGRAM

Film Capital Gossip Is Slated at 7:30 p. m. Tonight on KVOE

"Romance" is the theme of tonight's "Thrills of the Hollywood Lens" program on KVOE at 7:30 in which the Hollywood "snooper" will comment thus and so about rushing business for Dan Cupid in Hollywood, of a wedding the day was arranged for one minute past midnight to conform with the laws of the state of California, and of wedding bells for another prominent couple.

Paul Martin, who wields the baton for the studio orchestra, announces the following tunes for the program: "Sweetheart, Let's Grow Old Together"; "South Sea Island Magic"; and "Until the Real Thing Comes Along."

## Christmas Garden Hints on KVOE

"Christmas Gifts for Your Garden" titles a series of three adult education broadcasts to be made Thursday evenings at 5:30 from KVOE, beginning this evening, by Ted Blanck, instructor of gardening at William Evening High school in Santa Ana.

This broadcast series, one of the adult education department broadcasts scheduled Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, was scheduled in response to suggestions and requests from listeners. It was started by Mrs. Golden Weston, director of the adult education department, Santa Ana city schools.

## Mrs. Holderman Wins \$3057 Suit

Mrs. Nelson Holderman of Napa won a \$3000 judgment against the West Coast theater yesterday.

Mrs. Holderman fell as she was entering the log seats a year ago, injuring her knee. She sued the theater for \$15,000, claiming her injuries were permanent.

Yesterday Superior Judge H. G. Ames granted her damages of \$3057.48, after a three-day court battle. Her husband is Capt. Nelson M. Holderman, World war hero of the "Lost Battalion."

**DR. CROAL**  
DENTIST  
Phone 2885 For Appointment  
New Location: 4104 North Main

## Radio Roundup TONIGHT AND TOMORROW

With Jose Iturbi, distinguished Spanish pianist and conductor, as director, the Rochester Philharmonic orchestra will give a special concert over NBC and KECA at 5:30 p. m. today.

Henry Svedrovsky will conduct the Los Angeles Philharmonic orchestra in the first movement from Sibelius' First symphony and Liszt's first Hungarian rhapsody, among other things, tonight at 8:15 o'clock from KFI.

The following programs are compiled from radio reports received by radio stations. The Journal assumes no responsibility for errors caused by last-minute changes in programs. All National broadcasting companies, C. Columbia Broadcasting system; T. Electrical transcription; R. Records; O. Organ; KVOE— to be announced.

### 4 to 5 P. M.

**KVOE**—4:30, Santa Ana Journal World Wide and Local News; 4:45, International classics.

**KFI**—4:30, East Acres, N; 4:15, Voice of Experience, N; 4:30, Famous Songs; 4:45, Pictorial, N.

**KFM**—4:30, East Acres, N; 4:15, Herbert Foote's Ensemble; 4:30, The Lighthouse & Charloteers, C; 4:45, Melodeon, N.

**KGO**—4:30, Hometown Sketches; 4:15, Haven of Rest (Male Quartet); 4:45, Ballade in Blue, T.

**KHM**—4, Round the World Club; 4:15, Words and Music; 4:30, Jack Armstrong, T; 4:45, Orphan Annie, T.

### 5 to 6 P. M.

**KVOE**—5, Duke Martin's Round-Up; 5:15, Music Is the Social Gift; 5:30, Christmas Gifts for Your Garden; 5:45, "Melodies We All Enjoy"; 5:55, "Dot and Dan in Santaland"; Uncle Bob, T.

**KHM**—5, Nat'l Weatherman; 5:30, Invisible Trails; 5:30, Nibs White; 5:45, Moving Stories of Life.

**KNOX**—5, The Story of McConnell, T; 5:15, Maurice's Orch.; 5:30, Jack Armstrong; 5:45, Orphan Annie.

### 6 to 7 P. M.

**KVOE**—6, Cecil and Sally; 6:15, Address of East Hawks; secretary Santa Barbara, Bakersfield, El Zebi; and Zebi.

**KFI**—6, Dinner Concert; 6:30, Marschall Mavericks, N; 6:45, T.

**KHM**—6, 10, 15, Home Hour; 6:30, Starlight Review.

**KCECA**—6, 10, 15, Jingles S. Lacy; 5:15, TBA; 5:45, News.

**KFSD**—6, Jamboree; 5:30, Boy Scout Program; T; 5:30, T.

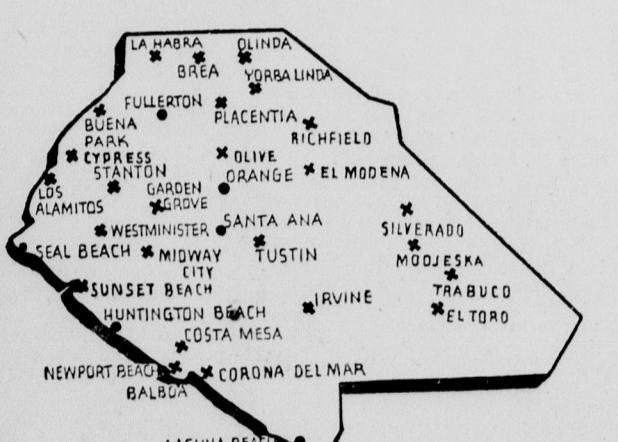
**KSL**—6, 10, 15, Fashion Fancies; 5:30, News; 5:45, Home Harmonies, T.

### 7 to 8 P. M.

**KVOE**—7, Popular Hits of the Day; 7:30, "Through the Hollywood Lens."



**Do you know**



... THAT THE PEOPLE OF THIS ONE AREA HAVE INVESTED A TOTAL OF \$2,358,700.00 IN EDISON SECURITIES? This money and a great deal more, has been spent in this same locality for power plants, transmission lines and distribution systems which are a vital link in the life and growth of the community.

The Edison Company is composed of men and women of Central and Southern California, not only employees but those thousands whose savings have made possible the development of this great community enterprise.

**Edison**  
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA  
EDISON COMPANY LTD.

H-5

## WALTZ ELECTED BY ROTARIANS

Orange county council of Rotary clubs elected Dr. Ralph Waltz of Anaheim its new president and Conrad Jongerwerd of the same city, secretary, when it met in a dinner session Tuesday at Danvers.

Two new clubs, Placentia and San Juan Capistrano, were welcomed into the council, and discussion of Rotary business followed. The new officers will serve six-month terms.

## LOCAL REALTOR TO BROADCAST

Earl Hawks, secretary of the Santa Ana realty board, will speak on "Rental Problems" during a broadcast from KVOE this evening at 7:15.

A comprehensive idea of the rental situation in Santa Ana will be given during the address with highlights of conditions throughout Southern California.

This will be the first of four such broadcasts to be made each week.

## Variety Music Program at 5:40

A special, variety program of Hawaiian, popular, dance and western songs will be broadcast from KVOE this evening beginning at 5:40 featuring Ray Kinney's Hawaiian, Duke Martin and his boys, Galla-Rini and his accordion, and Henry King's orchestra.

Selections listed are "Song of the Islands," "Home on the Range," "Humoresque" and "Tea on the Terrace."

Sixteen-year-old Grace Blamire of Shildon, England, who has preached in 40 Methodist churches in the last year, will shortly become a radio artist.

KSL—11, Noon Day Recital; 11:15, School of the Air, C; 11:45, News.

### 12 Noon to 1 P. M.

**KVOE**—12, Stolen Cars Broadcast; Christmas Sing Mosaic; 12:15, Agricultural Broadcast; 12:30, Radio Culture; 12:45, Organ Interlude; 12:50, Santa Ana Journal World Wide and Local News; 12:45, Program Review; 12:55, Singers; 1:15, Community Chorus.

**KFSD**—12, 10, Josef Hornek, N; 12:30, The Magazine, C; 1:30, "Weather Prophet"; 1:35, News; 1:50, Sports Report.

### 1 to 12 P. M.

**KVOE**—10, 15, "Let's Dance"; 11, The Hawk; 11:15, The Serendip; 11:45, 12:30, Selected Classics.

**KFI**—10, 15, News; 10:15, Packard's 10th Anniversary; 10:30, Grier's Orch.; 11, Bal Tabernacle Orch.; 11:30, Deauville Club Orch., N.

**KHM**—10, 15, News; 10:10, T; 10:15, La Jolla Club; 10:30, Harry's Orch.; 11:30, Pollack's Orch.; 12, News; 12:05, Midnight Rhapsody.

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### 1 to 2 P. M.

**KVOE**—1, Band Marches; 1:15, Concert Hour.

**KFI**—1, Tea Time; 1:15, Claudine McDonald Sings; N; 1:45, Grandpa Burton.

**KHM**—1, Music From Texas; 1:15, Santa Fe Club; 1:30, U. S. Army Band.

**KFOX**—10, News; 10:15, Giannini's Orch.; 10:30, Biddle's Orch.; 11, Redman's Orch.; 11:30, Santaella's Orch.; 12, News; 12:05, Concert.

**KFSD**—10, News; 10:15, Sweethearts of the Newlands; 10:30, The Philistines; 11, Sterling Young's Orch.; 11:30, Pollack's Orch.; 12, News; 12:05, Midnight Rhapsody.

### 2 to 3 P. M.

**KVOE**—2, 15, Modern Varieties; 2:30, Club Cabaret; 2:45, Popular Hits of the Day.

**KFI**—2, Lee Gordon and Orch.; N; 2:45, Concert Ensemble; 2:45, Bell-O-Mann's Glass Hat Room Orch., N.

**KHM**—2, 10, 15, The Philistines; 12:45, Organ Interlude; 12:50, Santa Ana Journal World Wide and Local News; 12:45, Program Review; 12:55, Singers; 1:15, Community Chorus.

**KFOX**—2, 10, 15, Sweethearts of the Newlands; 10:15, Sweethearts of the Air; N; 1:15, Vienna Sextette; N; 1:30, Josh Higgins, N; 1:45, Bible Fellowship.

**KFSD**—2, 10, 15, Musical Celebrities; 11, Sterling Young's Orch.; 11:30, Pollack's Orch.; 12, News; 12:05, Midnight Rhapsody.

### 3 to 4 P. M.

**KVOE**—3, 10, 15, "Let's Dance"; 11, Club Cabaret; 11:45, Popular Hits of the Day.

**KFI**—3, 10, 15, News; 10:15, Packard's 10th Anniversary; 10:30, Grier's Orch.; 11, Bal Tabernacle Orch.; 11:30, Deauville Club Orch., N.

**KHM**—3, 10, 15, News; 10:10, T; 10:15, La Jolla Club; 10:30, Harry's Orch.; 11:30, Pollack's Orch.; 12, News; 12:05, Midnight Rhapsody.

### 4 to 5 P. M.

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### 7 to 8 P. M.

**KVOE**—7, 10, 15, "Let's Dance"; 11, Club Cabaret; 11:45, Popular Hits of the Day.

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### 8 to 9 A. M.

**KVOE**—8, 10, 15, "Let's Dance";

SECTION TWO  
Society, Women's Features,  
Comics, Classified, Financial,  
Editorial

Printing All the Facts, So the People May Know the Truth

# Santa Ana Journal

SANTA ANA, ORANGE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1936

2 CENTS PER COPY, 50 CENTS PER MONTH

VOL. 2, NO. 185

## GRAND JURY TO PRESS PROBE ON PRIVATE USE OF COUNTY CARS

### MITCHELL IN DEMAND FOR ACTION

'More to it Than Smoke'  
Says Chairman of Supervisors

A brand new puzzle was presented to the grand jury yesterday, a grand new upturn in the county official family was imminent today.

Engrossed right now with the road oil problem, the grand jury will move on in a few days to consideration of an even older vexation—private use of county automobiles.

Chairman John Mitchell of the board of supervisors promised action, as he threatened to carry the private use of county cars problem into the jury room.

#### Must Be Fired

"There's more to it than just smoke," he said. And Chairman Mitchell is qualified to say. He and Supervisor W. C. Jerome, hub of the road oil controversy, were the investigating body in the county car conundrum, which set the courthouse gang by its heels last June.

Chairman Mitchell, if he persists in carrying this question to the grand jury, will qualify as the board of supervisors' No. 1 "stirrer-upper," usurping the mantle worn up to this time by Supervisor N. E. West, himself a "stirrer-upper" of no mean proportions.

#### Mileage Checked

On June 3, 1936, the board of supervisors began a "sweeping investigation" of private use of cars owned by the taxpayers.

So far as could ever be found out, the "sweeping investigation" ended almost with the announcement that it was being made.

Mitchell and Jerome checked mileage figures of cars in the county garage, after Mitchell admitted publicly that "rumors of the use of county cars outside business hours" had reached his ears.

Mitchell demanded that the situation be cleaned up, and said he had a resolution prepared which would put a stop to the practice, which he felt was wide-spread. The resolution never got as far as the board room.

#### Car on Jacks

Mitchell at that time said he had "even heard of an instance in which a county employee was to have his own car up on jacks, without even buying a 1936 license, because he found use of county cars so convenient."

Jerome also admitted there was "fires as well as smoke" surrounding the question. He denied statements attributed to him, that "there was nothing in it."

Both the investigators promised immediate action, and now it looks like they're going to get it.

Mitchell's threat, made yesterday, to "give the grand jury more than they are looking for," might prove no idle boast.

The first European attempt to settle Texas was in 1820 by Alonso Alvarez de Pineda, according to evidence unearthed by Dr. Carlos E. Castaneda, Latin-American librarian of the University of Texas.

#### Strike's Over—at Work Again



Advertising solicitors put out of work by the newsroom strike which closed the Seattle Post-Intelligencer Aug. 13 hailed with cheers their return to work after the American Newspaper Guild and the Hearst management settled their differences and prepared to resume publication of the paper. (Associated Press Photo)

### WEST URGES STATE OIL INCOME FOR PENSIONS

Recommending a program for state development of the Huntington Beach oil pool under the tides, Supervisor N. E. West of Laguna Beach today announced details of the plan which he said would result in an annual income to Orange county and the city of Huntington Beach of three-quarters of a million dollars a year. The program would permit a reduction in the county tax rate of around 20 cents, West said.

Supervisor West revealed that this week he sent a letter to Governor Merriam outlining the program, essentially the same as the one he suggested to the governor in a letter he wrote in December 1935. He suggested in his recent letter that the old age pension be raised from \$35 to \$50 a month.

#### Bulkhead Plan

West suggested to the governor that the state condemn at least two street extensions from the boulevard to the ocean at Huntington Beach, between Tenth and Twenty-third streets, the primary purpose of this move being to afford construction of bulkheads for the purpose of drilling salt wells into the state oil field and to protect the beaches against danger of pollution.

The supervisor said that the state should either build the bulkheads itself or contract for the drilling of wells to properly offset Standard Oil company wells and to most effectively drain the state's oil field.

#### Local Royalties

In this manner, he said, the state could realize a net profit of from 50 to 60 per cent of the total production. A less profitable method, he suggested was production by competitive bidding.

The program, West said, should provide for a royalty of at least six per cent to be divided between Orange county and Huntington Beach on the production between Tenth and Twenty-third streets.

On the production of the field westerly from the city, the county alone should receive at least three per cent, West said. This royalty

First Church of Christ Scientist  
SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA

#### ANNOUNCES A

### FREE LECTURE

ON

### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Subject, "The Philosophy and Practice of Christian Science"

By Prof. HERMANN S. HERING CSB

Member of The Board of Lectureship of The Mother Church  
The First Church of Christ Scientist  
in Boston, Massachusetts

IN

First Church of Christ Scientist

Santa Ana, California

Monday, December 7, at 8 p. m.

The Public Is Cordially Invited to Attend

### WESTOVER TO MEET WITH SENATORS

Southland Solons Called Into Huddle Friday at San Bernardino

New state senators from Southern California will get together tomorrow night for a pre-lobby lobby. In other words, they will meet to decide what's to be done about holding up Southern California's end in the forthcoming state legislative battle.

Harry Westover, lawyer and Democrat elected from this country, will attend, although he said today he "didn't know a thing about the meeting," except that it had been called.

The legislators were invited to San Bernardino by Sen. Ralph Swing, representative from San Bernardino county.

Two legislative matters vitally concerning Southern California that definitely are slated for consideration at the 1937 legislature are the Orange county fish preserve bill and the old battle over tideland drilling.

Senator Westover took a stand relative to the fish preserve bill, when he urged the board of supervisors this week to adopt a resolution in favor of legislation designed to curb taking of sardines within a three-mile off-shore limit.

As to the tideland drilling question, Senator Westover so far has not divulgued his stand. It is entirely possible that a stand might be taken tomorrow night by the Southern California senators to a whole.

### Veteran Welfare Board Reelected

The Orange County Veterans Welfare association met Tuesday night at the Orange American Legion hall, and re-elected all of its board of directors to serve another year.

Harry Riggie is chairman of the board. L. A. Riehl, Tustin, Judge J. B. Tucker, Santa Ana, and William Kelsey, Garden Grove, are other members. Harry Edwards, executive chairman of the association, gave his yearly report. A new county chairman will be chosen by the board at the next meeting.

**Recalls Letter**  
It has been a pleasure to read in the press your sound and courageous stand demanding that the state develop this great wealth which it owns for the benefit of its citizens and taxpayers. This policy is exactly what I recommended to you in my letter of Dec. 9, 1935, urging you to call a special session of the legislature.

"In that letter I stated: 'This special session, I believe, is justified not only because the development by the state of this oil pool will bring much needed revenue to the state, but it is necessary to stop the further looting of this state-owned oil. One big item in the biennium budget, \$12,000,000 for old age pensions, can be met entirely by the state's drilling of this pool. This great resource should be developed by the state itself and could justly be used to meet the expense of the liberalized old age pension plan.'

"State development would give all profit to the people. Development by competitive bidding would necessarily include a profit to the private producer.

**Suggests Two Leases**  
"If the state were to lease to private companies, due to the large area under the tidewaters, it would probably be better to have a legitimate provide for at least two separate leases. For example, the first lease might include the area between Tenth street and the western city limit. The second lease might include the area westward from the city. Honest competition must be assured.

"This oil field alone, if properly developed by the state itself, probably will return to the state a total of \$250,000,000 or more over a period of years. This production can be developed so as to show a fairly dependable annual income of around \$12,000,000 to the state. This income, I believe, should be earmarked for old age pensions. These pensions can be increased safely from the present amount of \$35 to \$50 a month and the payment of the pension made more certain. This can all be accomplished and an actual reduction in the state deficit realized at the same time.

"To compensate the county of Orange and the city of Huntington Beach for the taxes they have heretofore collected and expended in developing roads, building bridges, policing, affording fire protection and health service for this district, and to offset the loss of taxes which ordinarily would be levied on the production of oils by Orange county and the city of Huntington Beach, the legislation providing for the development of this field should also provide a royalty of at least six per cent, half to go to Orange county and half to the city of Huntington Beach, on the production between Tenth and Twenty-third streets. On the production from the field westerly from the city, the county alone should receive at least three per cent. No one will question the right or justice of the county and city receiving this royalty.

"May I urge that you give careful consideration to this program?"

**Trapped Suspect Commits Suicide**

LOS ANGELES. (AP)—The affairs of the Townsend old age pension plan of California were in the hands today of Delbert Brinton of Fresno.

Dr. F. E. Townsend, founder of the plan, arriving here yesterday by plane from Chicago, announced the appointment of Brinton. He will succeed Edward J. Margett of San Francisco, who will re-enter private business.

**Police Chief Fred Zunker**  
said Daly, surrounded in a church after he fled from a beer parlor, killed himself with his own pistol.

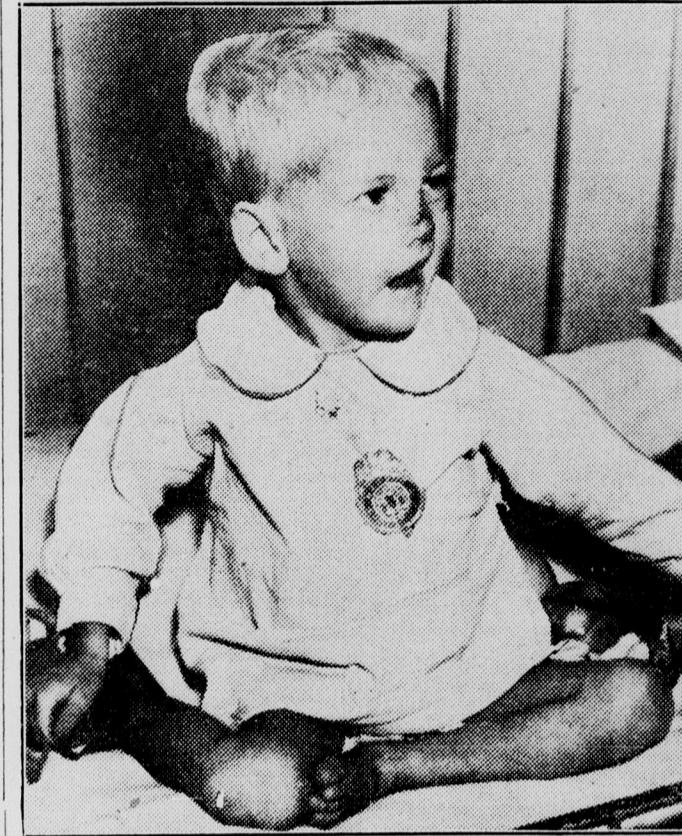
The suicide was less than an hour after police captured another youth they identified as Crone. The companion escaped.

**MERCED.** (AP)—A youth identified by police as William Daly, sought as the companion of Frank L. Crone, San Francisco murder suspect, shot and killed himself when surrounded by a posse here yesterday.

Police Chief Fred Zunker said Daly, surrounded in a church after he fled from a beer parlor, killed himself with his own pistol.

The suicide was less than an hour after police captured another youth they identified as Crone. The companion escaped.

### 'Talking Boy' Puzzles Doctors



Physicians of Memphis, Tenn., were unable to make a definite diagnosis of the strange malady which made four-year-old Erannie Wilson (above) talk incessantly for more than two weeks. He was given dozens of new toys when it was found that playthings helped divert his attention and partially stemmed the flow of incoherent prattling. (Associated Press Photo)

### JAYSEE CLUBS TAKE IN NEW MEMBERS

Buccaneers, Bachelors Initiate 25 at End Of Pledge Season

Twenty-five students were initiated into two men's service clubs of the Santa Ana Junior college last night. Those initiating were the Buccaneers and the Bachelors.

Last night culminated a six weeks of pledge period during which pledges were required to do the bidding of the members. The Bachelors held their preliminary initiation ceremonies in the downtown section with the "scums" dressed in various manners.

#### Use Toothbrushes

During the pledging, Buc- caners pledges were required to wear sailor caps with ropes for belts. They also had to wear small wooden sabers. This week their "masters" made them clean the front steps and sidewalks of College hall with toothbrushes.

Bachelor pledges have had to wear overall trousers with their freshman "beanies."

Buccaneers who were accepted as members were Jerry Hawkins, Kenneth Conrad, George Aupperle, Bill Lenzie, Elden Richards, Art Salisbury, Al Pickhardt, Kenneth Oliphant, Bob Knoff, Fred Baehr, Ralph Fuller and Jack Wilkie.

#### Bachelor List

Officers are Bill Sheppard, skipper; Bob Bradley, vice skipper; Hal Pottorf, bos'n' and Max Galusha, score. T. E. Williams and Bill Cook are advisors.

Those accepted by the Bachelors were Russell Roquet, Carl Lehnhardt, Bob Wilde, Bob Faul, Warren Kennedy, Roy Divel, Bill Semnacher, Joe Crawford, Jack Schilling, Cyril Nichols, Laurence Todd, Ed Stanley and Johnny Sauer.

Bill Greschner is grand exalted, while Fred Lentz is senior exalted, Vernon Koepsel, junior exalted, and Dick Connell, keeper of the writ. Harold Moon and Blanchard Beatty are the advisors.

### Half-Minute News Stories

(By Associated Press)

#### DISMISS DOPE COUNTS AGAINST RACING MEN

CHICAGO.—Federal Judge Charles E. Woodward has dismissed charges of violating the Harrison anti-narcotic act filed against A. A. Baroni, race horse owner, and his foreman, James Hexham. A similar charge against Hal Price Headley, another race horse owner, was dismissed on the same ground. The Baroni and Headley cases grew out of a nationwide investigation of alleged doping of horses.

#### LONG DISTANCE RATE CUT IS APPROVED

WASHINGTON.—The communications commission announced the American Telephone and Telegraph company had agreed to reductions totaling \$12,000,000 a year in its interstate long-distance telephone rates. The cut is applicable on its "long lines" system.

#### LINE BURSTS; THOUSANDS OF HOMES WITHOUT WATER

SAN FRANCISCO.—A 30-inch water pipeline burst in a pumping station here yesterday and thousands of homes in the Ocean View and Sunnyside districts were without water.

#### 12 WPA EMPLOYES BURNED IN BLAZE

LOS ANGELES.—Fire in the office of a storm drain project burned 12 Works Progress administration employees yesterday, two seriously. Police said box of identification card holders was apparently accidentally ignited by a cigarette.

#### PLAN TEST FOR INSPECTORS

Men who wish to become county agricultural inspectors may take written examinations Dec. 28, according to notice issued today by the state department of agriculture.

Oral examinations will be given later for those who pass the written test, it was announced. D. W. Tubbs, Orange county agricultural commissioner, said today that there are no vacancies here at present, but that the examinations are to provide an eligible list for the state.

Candidates may qualify in one or more of the following classifications: plant quarantine and nursery stock inspection; field and orchard inspection and plant control; standardization of fruits, nuts, vegetables, eggs and honey; weed and rodent control and seed inspection; and apiculture inspection.

Application blanks may be obtained from Tubbs in the courthouse annex.

#### SALE TWO DAYS ONLY

#### 7-DIAMOND NEW DOVETAIL

#### Wedding Ring

\$14.95

#### NO MONEY DOWN • 50c A WEEK

SMART design of Solid Natural Gold with White Gold settings for the 7 BLUE-WHITE DIAMONDS! It's called the "DOVETAIL" because of the novel manner in which the diamonds are set. Two days only, \$14.95. No mail or phone orders. NO MONEY DOWN, 50 cents a week! See it at once!

#### GENSLER-LEE

Fourth and Sycamore, Santa Ana

18 SHOPPING DAYS TILL CHRISTMAS



## Queen Gives Party for Officers

Council Members Are Also Included in Courtesy

To honor the officers who have served under her during the six-month term just ending, Miss Dorothy Carlson, retiring honored queen of Santa Ana Job's Daughters, entertained at a delightful evening party Tuesday in the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Carlson, 313 Normandy.

Members of the guardian council also shared in the lovely courtesy, and in appreciation of their year of work and play together Miss Carlson presented each council member with a pretty gift handkerchief and each of her officers with a Job's Daughters receipt book embossed in the emblem of the order.

Choosing the purple and white color motif of the organization for appointments and presents, Miss Carlson also wrapped the gifts in this same combination, placing them on the tables when the refreshments were served.

Hollywood bridge was the diversion of the evening, prizes going to Miss Virginia Bruns, first; Miss Betty Jo Willets, second, and Miss Esther Belle Christian, third, and the council members played court whist, William Dean receiving high award and Mrs. Guy Christian low.

After the tables had been cleared and spread with dainty linens, grape jelly whipped to a light purple hue and topped with whipped cream, to carry out the proper color theme, was served with little cakes iced with purple roses. Nut cups and other appointments were also in these colors.

Participating in the charming courtesy arranged by their honored queen were Miss Charlotte McCausland, who is to succeed to that high position in installation ceremonies on Dec. 15, and who has served as senior princess under Miss Carlson; Miss Mary Crowe, junior princess; Miss Jane Austin, guard; Miss Margaret Abel, marshal, and the following appointive officers of the past term:

Misses Eloise Hiskey, Betty Jo Willets, Betty Carlson, Virginia Stewart, Beverly Nicks, Eupha Neer, Elizabeth Winbiger, Barbara Vorce, Jeanette Bradley, Betty Austin, Marjorie Couch, Virginia Bruns, Esther Belle Christian and Betty Wieland.

Council members sharing the hospitality of the home at the same time were Mr. and Mrs. William J. Dean, Frank Sawyer, Mrs. Harry Crowe, Mrs. Claude McFarren, Mrs. Guy Christian, Mrs. Plummer Bruns, and Mr. and Mrs. Carlson, parents of the hostess.

## RIDING CLUB HAS FIVE NEW MEMBERS

Five new members were added to the Trotters' club list this week, according to announcement made at Tuesday's meeting, the new riders including the Misses Eloise Hiskey, Vivian Kaufman, Ruth Baker, Mary Ann Lowe and Sylvia Price.

The club, recently formed, drills and rides every Tuesday afternoon, Riding Master George Reaume directing their formation riding and fancy drills for 45 minutes before the hour ride. Last Tuesday, they rode for the first time in English saddles.

For the holiday season, the young equestriennes are planning a number of special events, including a moonlight ride, an early morning jaunt followed by a waffle breakfast, and an all-day trip into the hills.

The business meeting will be held tonight at 7 o'clock at the home of Miss Virginia Graves, 614 South Sycamore.

### D. A. R. TO MEET

Daughters of the American Revolution will enjoy a program entitled "Christmas in the Days of Our Forefathers" when they meet Monday at 2 p.m. at the home of Mrs. I. R. Hendrie, 1110 West Washington street.

## HOLIDAY Specials

Two of our new and popular waves are featured this week  
**Thermal Wavpaks** \$7.50  
America's Outstanding Individual Macintosh Permanent Wave

**NEW NUTRI-PAK**  
Machineless Wave  
This Wave has won wide acclaim..... \$5

**Contoure Cosmetics**  
Lyle of Reno's Wednesdays  
**MARIE GRADY**  
Beauty and Cosmetic Salon  
604-5 First National Bank Bldg.  
Phone 4660

## FRESHMEN HAVE OWN STYLES



American designers are giving more attention to clothes for girls from 13 to 18 than ever before. Even special low-priced accessories have been designed to accompany their frocks, suits and hats which are created for them to give an effect of nonchalant smartness. With a suit of brown and beige tweed, this youthful collegian carries a bag of brown leather composition designed for girls of her type and priced to fit the most modest clothes allowance. Her felt hat and scarf are brown wool.

## Santa Ana Business Women Are Seeing Better Days

By DR. MARY E. WRIGHT

After reading about the strike situation, the delay in moving fuel oil, the expected drop in temperature to freezing—all with possible effects in Orange county, it was encouraging to note the optimism of women in business when asked their opinions on present trends in the business world.

The following women, interviewed in this regard, have owned and operated their respective lines of business through the years of the depression, carrying through to the present situation of financial stability.

This is how conditions look to them today:

Lillian Warhurst, florist, finds people buying more generously than they have for a long time, with the resultant steady improvement in her business, so much that extra employees are needed.

Miss Olive Duling, furs, reports business not so good this fall on account of unseasonable heat, but she expects the usual good Christmas trade.

Rose Walker, baby's wear shop, feels a constant increase in business and finds people buying with improving.

Miss Olive Duling, furs, reports business not so good this fall on account of unseasonable heat, but she expects the usual good Christmas trade.

Helen Gallagher, fancywork shop, has met the same difficulty on account of the weather both this fall and last, as customers neither want to work with woolens or wear knitted things in the heat. She expects much improvement in the next few weeks.

**Meat Business Good**

Lillian Vinson, butcher, says a general trend of business is much better, with fewer relief checks given for trade and more generous buying than a year ago. She notes a feeling of financial stability judging by the amount of cash spent by customers.

Ann Thompson, realtor, thinks the greatest sign of better times is the number of persons with small means who want to buy modest homes, renovated old ones or build new ones. She also sees fewer from the welfare bureau looking for cheap rentals, fewer itinerants begging, and believes the trend of business decidedly on the upgrade.

Lydia Fisher, general insurance, believes there is no doubt of a steadily increasing business stability over last year.

Mary Smart, photographer, reports business better than for several years, Christmas orders starting earlier, and a real rush at present with prompt payment.

**CLUB PLAYS AND SEWS AT COLE HOME**

## MRS. BRIGANTE HOSTESS TO CLUB

Mrs. Clifford Cole of 1314 North Bristol, entertained her club Wednesday evening, the members enjoying a short period of Hollywood bridge before devoting their time as they have been lately, to needlework.

Enjoying the fun were the Mesdames James Dickson, Willard Swarthout, Harold Carnahan, Raymond Marsie, Ira Mercier, Oscar Carothers, and Clyde Patton.

Late in the evening, Mrs. Cole arranged the card tables with dainty linens and served frozen fruit salad, tiny sandwiches, and coffee.

**BAZAR TOMORROW**

Opening at 2 o'clock and continuing serving their chicken dinner at 5, women of the First Methodist church invite all to their annual bazaar tomorrow in the church building, Sprague and French streets. Booths will be in operation from 2 until 9 o'clock, with cooked foods, fancywork, and candy on sale.

### N. W. AID SECTION

Northwest section of the First Presbyterian Ladies Aid society will meet at 2 p.m. Friday at the home of Mrs. J. R. Medlock, 820 North Main street. Members are asked to bring canned fruits or staple foods for distribution in Christmas baskets and also to bring the scrapbooks they have

## Musical Tea Enjoyed by Forty

Beautiful Christmas music made up the program for the musical tea to which members of the Women's Auxiliary of Orange County Medical association invited guests Tuesday afternoon in the Ebels' clubhouse lounge. Forty members and visitors made up the gathering.

Dispensing with business in short order, Mrs. K. H. Sutherland, president of the group, introduced two out-of-town visitors, Mrs. B. H. Sherman, councilor of the Los Angeles district auxiliary to the California Medical association, and Mrs. A. Downs of the Los Angeles auxiliary, and welcomed the other guests who were sharing the afternoon with members.

The meeting was then turned over to the program committee, who presented three talented guest artists, a boy soprano, harpist and vocalist.

Duncan McCleod, youngest of the artists, opened the program with three Christmas numbers, "Adeste Fideles," "Alleluia" by Mozart, and "Ave Maria" by Schubert. He was accompanied by his mother, and in the last also by Miss Regina Wahlberg of Fullerton, harpist.

His second group, given in Scotch costume and the McCleod clan plaid, included "Lassie Mine," "One Hundred Pipers," and "Safest o' the Family."

Miss Wahlberg, a talented harpist, played three numbers, "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," from "Samson and Delilah," "Volga Boatman," and "Trees."

Mrs. E. Wagner of Santa Ana, the third artist, sang three lovely soprano numbers, "Habanera," from "Carmen," by Bizet; "There Is a Garden," by Proctor; and "Ecstasy" by Rummel. All of the numbers were delightful and the three musicians received much applause.

During the social hour following, Mrs. H. D. Newkirk of Anaheim and her committee of doctors' wives from that city served a dainty tea collation, spreading their table with a pretty cloth which Mrs. H. A. Johnston brought from Italy. Red and gold appointments and flowers were used on the table, and those assisting Mrs. Newkirk were the Mesdames Johnston, George Paige, C. A. Neighbors, K. G. Parks, John Woods, and E. H. Kersten.

This will be the last meeting of the auxiliary until February, Mrs. Sutherland announced.

## HARMONY BRIDGE CLUB ELECTS

After enjoying a delightful luncheon served at one long table centered prettily with pastel shaggy chrysanthemums, members of the Harmony Bridge club of Santa Ana chapter, Order of Eastern Star, repaired to the Masonic temple from the Rossmore cafe.

A short business session preceded their regular afternoon of bridge, and Mrs. Lillian Dawson was elected president for the coming year. Mrs. Jessie Overton will serve as secretary.

Two charming gestures were made when daintily wrapped gifts were presented by the group to Mrs. Pearl Lycan and Mrs. Mildred Snyder, retiring president and secretary, and by the hostesses of the day, Mrs. Stella Maude Ryan and Mrs. Nellie Young, to Mrs. Flora Bruns and Mrs. Betty Gowdy, retiring and incoming matrons of the chapter.

It was announced that Mrs. Carolyn Dennis would be hostess at the next meeting, Dec. 15, at her home 1717 Heliotrope drive. This will be a dessert bridge at 7:30 p.m. and will encompass a Christmas gift exchange and food donations for Christmas baskets.

Auction bridge prizes for the afternoon went to Mrs. Florence Wright, high, and Mrs. Carrie Cole, low.

Contract awards were made to Mrs. Jenny Shippe, high, and Mrs. Genevieve Holmes, low.

Those attending the pleasant affair were the Mesdames Florence Wright, Jenny Shippe, Jessie Rez, Flora Bruns, Mildred Snyder, Genevieve Holmes, Frances Denette, Laura Kaseman, Dolly Dimmitte, Laura Rousseau, Betty Gowdy, Pearl Lycan, Lillian Dawson, Elsie Neuschwanger, Carrie Cole, Estelle McFarren, Jessie Overton, and Alberta Sanford.

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At a late hour, the hostess served dainty refreshments to her guests, who included the Mesdames Wayne Bartholomew, Gordon Cudworth, Clara McDuff, John Van Dyke and Palmer Stoddard, and the Misses Frances Miller, Lucille Howell, Norma Wilson, and Alberta Sanford.

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## Try a New Style of Hairdress

BY JACQUELINE HUNT  
A well-designed, becoming coiffure is a fashion asset. Let a good hairdresser cut your hair for you and make the new arrangement as definite a part of your winter wardrobe as you do your new cosmetics or your new accessories.

If you like to wear the dressy little hats that perch on top of your head, have large loose curls turned upward toward the part to frame your face with interesting details and to add to the attractiveness of your hats.

Hats that pull down in the front call for a hair style with only a shadow of a wave across the front of your head and hair that is longer than most of the new coiffures call for. Have the ends turned up into two rows of loose curls that hug the brim of your hat in the back.

For all occasions and for most hats, you can wear the new parisiann hair arrangement that is rapidly becoming popular. The hair is brushed until it molds the head like a snug-fitted, shining cap, then the short ends are brushed into a round, sausagelike curl edging the neckline.

A fine texture and a rich sheen are essential to the beauty of these simple hair arrangements.

You can do a great deal for your hair yourself by using a good tonic, massaging your scalp every night and brushing faithfully. It is much more fun, however, to go to one of the recognized hair specialists if you can afford it.

If you take your scalp treatments at home, here are a few tips. Get a tonic recommended for your specific scalp condition, whether it is oiliness or excessive dryness. Part your hair at intervals of one inch and apply the tonic with a padlet of cotton. Wipe the hair outward from the part with a clean lintless towel to remove the excess tonic and dust from the hair.

## HOMOPHENOUS CLUB IN YULE PARTY

Homophenous club held its annual Christmas party this week in the home of Mrs. Marjorie Cook of West Anaheim. Mrs. George King and Mrs. H. C. Foss, assisting in hostess duties.

Tables for the dessert course were attractively decorated with bubble bowls in which floated pink hibiscus. Refreshments were served first, and the members exchanged toy gifts which were later rewrapped to be given to a charitable institution along with foodstuffs contributed by the club members.

A laughable stunt game concluded the afternoon's entertainment for the group, who included the Mesdames George Nash, E. H. Lamb, Hugh Osborn, Harvey Groover, Charles Williams, Dana Smith, Jo Lowell, Jessie Cole, Ruth Marie Smith, Alice Scheel, and Rose Kalen, and the Misses Pauline Parsons and Marion Walker, all of Santa Ana.

Mrs. Mary J. Howlett and Mrs. Nicholas Chapman of Fullerton, Mrs. Andrew Wilson of Costa Mesa, Mrs. Lois Robb and Mrs. Virginia Wood of Huntington Beach, Mrs. H. C. Foss of Placentia, Mrs. Edna Jenifer and Mrs. Geneva Schaffert of Orange, and the Mesdames George W. King, M. Cook, Marie L. Webb, Clara Schultz, L. M. Rigidon, and M. E. Day, and Miss Margaret Bradley, of Anaheim.

## Home Service

### Easy to Overcome Self-Consciousness!



## TRAVEL PROGRAM IS POSTPONED

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Because of many conflicting dates, the Travel section of Junior Ebell, which is sponsoring the interesting program, has decided to change its date to next Wednesday evening. At that time, the Lambs will talk on their recent three-year trip to South America in a canoe. The event is the Travel section's annual benefit for Senior Ebell.

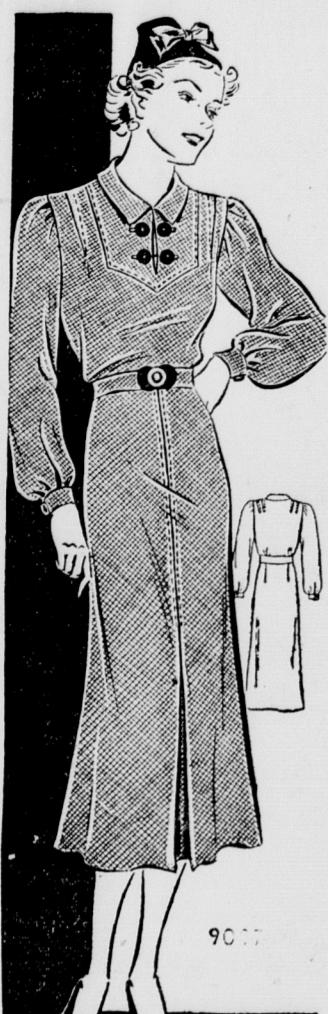
## Officers Escape Scalping in 'Indian' Encounter

Two "suspicious characters" prowling around the Taylor cannery last night with flashlight turned out to be two boys "playing Indian."

When officers crept around the corner in search of their prey, they found Junior Kilpatrick, 9, and P. J. Hanson, 10, who fortunately didn't scalp the officers.

To obtain this pattern send 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to Santa Ana Journal Household Arts Dept., 117 East Fifth street. Be sure to write plainly your name, address and the name of booklet.

## DASHING M. MARTIN SPORTSTER A WINTER WARDROBE TREAT



### PATTERN 9097

It's a "big season" for sports frocks, and you can bet that Pattern 9097 is way out in front, leading the fashion! Don't let a sudden cold snap catch you without this trim all-purpose frock in your wardrobe, made up in a warm, woolly fabric! You'll love it in candlewick weave woolen (the newest in winter fabrics), gay plaid or jersey—and it's dressy as anyone could wish stitched up in a novelty crepe or synthetic! Do notice the fetching little yoke topped by a youthful Eton collar. There's further chic in the neatly tucked shoulders, and graceful, puffed sleeves. So easy to make, is this practical style, that you'll have it cut, stitched and finished in only a brief time. Complete Diagrammed Marian Martin Sew Chart included.

Pattern 9097 may be ordered only in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 54-inch fabric.

Send 15 cents in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for each Marian Martin pattern. Be sure to write plainly your size, name, address, and style number.

Write at once for the new issue of Marian Martin Pattern Book! Don't wait another minute to get this new book filled with smart, modern and advanced styles in frocks, suits and blouses for the workday morning, the brighter afternoon or the glamorous evening. Scores of suggestions on accessories, fabrics and gifts, too. Book is only 15 cents. Pattern, too, is but 15 cents—25 cents for both when ordered together.

Send your order to The Journal, Pattern Department, 117 East Fifth street, Santa Ana, Calif.

## Give Facial At Home

### BY JACQUELINE HUNT

Many dieticians recommend that sauerkraut and sauerkraut juice be served frequently. Here are several recipes for sauerkraut combinations:

### Brisket of Beef with Sauerkraut

Get 3 pounds brisket of beef and have cut in 2-inch cubes. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and let stand for 1 hour. Brown in 2 tablespoons fat in a heavy skillet. Add 1 medium sized onion, arranging the pieces of meat on top. Pour in 1 cup boiling water, cover tightly and cook over a slow fire until the meat is tender. This will make 6 servings.

### Sauerkraut Cocktail

The canned or bottled sauerkraut juice is convenient for serving as an appetizer, or the canned brisket itself may be used. In this case drain all the juice from the can and season to taste with lemon juice, a little salt and a dash of paprika.

Lie down in a comfortable fitting dressing gown and pull a blanket over your feet. Apply your cleansing cream over your face and forehead and do not forget your neck. Start low on your chest and use your right hand to apply the cream to the left side of the neck and vice versa. Remove with cleansing tissues or a soft cloth, and go over your skin with one of the little cotton pads dipped in skin tonic.

Dip small pads of cotton or the regular little herb pads for your eyes into the dish of warm water, squeeze just enough to remove the excess liquid and press lightly over your eyes.

Now apply your lubricating cream liberally to face, neck and forehead. Now use one of the little patters—or your fingertips, if you prefer—pat gently but firmly up over the chest, chin, cheeks and from the center of your forehead out to the hairline at the temples. Repeat several times.

Remove the excess cream with more tissues, remove the eye pads, and dip the strips of gauze in astringent. Squeeze lightly and place these over your face, two strips from chin up toward your temples, one across your forehead and one across your neck. Dip a small piece of cotton in the astringent and dab some of the liquid over the mask occasionally.

Now take a piece of ice and massage your skin lightly through the gauze mask. When the mask is thoroughly chilled, pull up your blanket, close your eyes and try to take a little nap.

### DIES AT SEA

PASADENA. (CP)—Dr. W. B. LaForce, former president of Ottumwa Medical college, Iowa, was fatally injured in a storm and buried at sea from the liner President Lincoln, Pasadena, relatives were informed today. The educator was returning with his wife from a tour of the orient.

Others participating in an impromptu musical were Mrs. Charles Brisco and Mrs. Nelson Visel, who sang, and Mr. Macurda, who played the 'cello.

Invited to honor the Wolfs in this farewell courtesy were Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Mr. and Mrs. Visel, and Mr. and Mrs. Brisco.

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## Mrs. Harris Hostess To Club

Mrs. R. C. Harris entertained her bridge club yesterday in the private dining room of Daniger's, carrying out the fall colors in flowers and place cards on her three small tables.

Contract games followed in the afternoon, and scoring at the close showed Mrs. Cassius Paul, high, and Mrs. Ira Kroese, second.

Other members sharing in her hospitality were the Mesdames Harvey Gardner, Clarence Hoiles, Anton Segerstrom, Milo Tedstrom, Chad Harwood, and William Wolaston of Santa Ana, and Mrs. Thomas Rhone, Mrs. George Peterson, and Mrs. Earl Elson of Orange.

## CHURCH WOMEN ENJOY PROGRAM

The women's missionary society of the United Presbyterian church had a very well-attended meeting yesterday afternoon in the parlors of the church. It was preceded by a session of the Ladies' Aid, at which the members quitted and sewed, and by a luncheon served by Mrs. E. C. Lukens, Mrs. Roy Ketcher, Mrs. Retta Cash, Miss Mildred Lukens and Miss Vera Cash.

Guests introduced at lunch were Mrs. Mary Soutt of Iowa, Miss Estelle Bogle and Miss Sylvia Gearisher of Ohio, Miss A. Perigo of Alhambra, Mrs. Lewis Gall, and the members of a colored quartet which entertained the society. Mrs. Lulu Walker, Mrs. Sadie Wilson, Mrs. Golicke Burkes and Mrs. Minnie Dean.

The afternoon program was presented after Mrs. W. S. Kennedy had called the group to order. Mrs. Fay Craighead had led the devotions, and Mrs. Lewis Gall had discussed her work among the colored people.

After several delightful numbers from the guest quartet, Miss Ethel Collins, program chairman, presented a talk on "Our Colored Work in the South," after which Mrs. Burkes spoke on the work of the colored Methodist church, as did Mrs. Dean on the Baptist church.

Mrs. Joe Thompson spoke on the history of negro spirituals, after the four young daughters of Mrs. Burkes, Annae, Marlene, Ollie, and Ocilda June, sang several spirituals, and little Ocilda June presented a violin solo.

A brief talk by Mrs. A. E. Kelly on current events concluded the meeting.

## COUPLE HONORED ON ANNIVERSARY

Planning on a quiet celebration of their tenth wedding anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Faacks were pleasantly surprised early Sunday evening when more than a score of their friends arrived to wish them well.

A delicious supper was served by the visiting women, who had brought all sorts of delectable food with them. Verbal felicitations were extended to the couple by the Rev. William Schmoeck on behalf of the gathering, and for the Rev. Henry Kringle of Glendale, who officiated at the wedding 10 years ago.

Various merry games occupied the remainder of the evening. Those joining in the pleasing gesture were Mr. and Mrs. Herman Blanken, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cruse, Mr. and Mrs. August Hauptman and daughter Ruth, Mr. and Mrs. George Heinmiller, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Helberg, Mr. and Mrs. Kalot Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. August Nielsen and daughter Vera Gene, Mr. and Mrs. Max Struck and daughter Pauline, Mr. and Mrs. W. Schultz of Milwaukee, Mrs. Gunderson, Mrs. Mary Ketcher, Miss Marie Helgeland, Oscar Casting, and the Rev. and Mrs. William Schmoeck.

STUDENTS TO MEET

Orange County I Am students will meet Friday at 7:45 p. m. at 719 South Birch street, Santa Ana. All students are requested to attend.

## A Luxury Spread—Yours With Thrift



### PATTERN 5738

Companion squares in filet crochet make the loveliest household accessories. A square at a time made in spare moments—time you'll never miss—and before you know it you'll be ready to join them for a cloth or scarf. As a bedspread, too, this design will be a winner. Use string—it's easy to work with, inexpensive, lovely when done, and wears like iron. If it's last minute gifts you're thinking of, use a finer cotton and make a pillow top, vanity set or other small articles that take but a few squares. In pattern 5738 you will find instructions and charts for making the squares shown; an illustration of them and of the stitches used; material requirements.

To obtain this pattern send 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to Santa Ana Journal Household Arts Dept., 117 East Fifth street. Be sure to write plainly your name, address and pattern number.

## Parent-Teacher Association Activities

### Don't Give Your Child A Gun

Both boys were carrying pistols at the time of the tragedy! It is a press comment at the end of a story describing the sort of thing which Parent-Teacher members are trying to avert in their program to discourage the giving of toy firearms as gifts.

Education to do away with the unfortunate practice of giving toy firearms to babies and children, to reduce the prevailing gangster idea stimulated among boys by the possession of gangster "gats" and other shooters, and to lessen the tragedies that darken countless homes and make press headlines because children have learned too much about guns, is being stressed.

A prominent judge of a Chicago boys' court has assisted in the program by influencing 200 stores in that territory to discontinue sale of toy pistols.

TEACHERS HONOR P.T.A. BOARD MEMBERS

With the beginning of the new quarter, Miss Leila Thrasher's home room has elected officers, who are: President, Marian Blackhorn; vice-president, Jack Atwood; secretary, Ruth Anderson; sergeant, Sam Campbell; boys' athletic manager, Sidney Carr; girls' athletic manager, Lois Banks, and reporter, Phyllis Pritchard.

Champion readers who were chosen in a recent oral reading contest in Miss Blythe's low Eighth English class were Nora Girton and Bill Gilluley.

Girls' bathtime teams sponsored by Miss Hazel Thrasher and Miss Esther Rideout, played contending teams last Friday. Girls on the first and second teams are: Francisco Olivas, Barbara Brisco, Peggy Lou Hoffman, Dorothy Herman (substitute), Mary Ruth MacDougal (substitute), Beverly Short, Euanne Neighbor, Lois Banks, Lorraine Crawford, Susie Morales, Marian Blackburn and Anita Wason. Second team girls who played are: Jo Lorraine Adams, Birtha Birdsell, Isabelle Bettencourt, Rebecca Castro, Maxine Williams, Margaret Hawke, Lola Branson, Jean Crubb, Charlene Carlson and Helen Westene.

Boys' P. E. classes under Mr. Archer's instruction have opened basketball season with a great deal of interest. Stanley Beisser, a last year's Lathrop graduate, is coaching the D's, intermediate and Eighth grade seniors, while Mr. Archer coaches the B and C teams. James Blackwell, one of Lathrop's present low nines, is coaching the juniors and midget teams. These teams will practice in the high school gymnasium Tuesday afternoons. The boys are looking forward to a good season.

## Help For Crippled Children

### ALL FOR 65c Per Month

### For 10 Months

### For 10 Months</

## MODEST MAIDENS

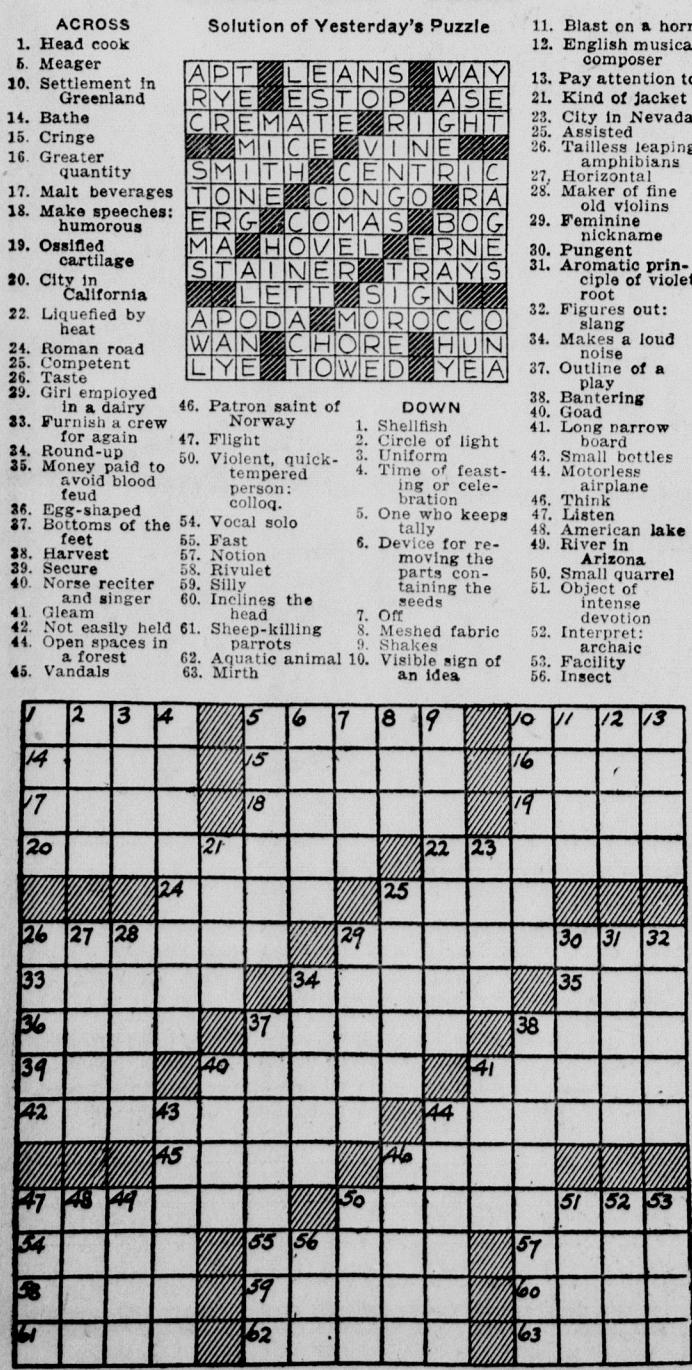


"Well, y'see, if the lake isn't frozen—"

## THE ADVENTURES OF PATSY



## CROSSWORD PUZZLE



## FRITZI RITZ



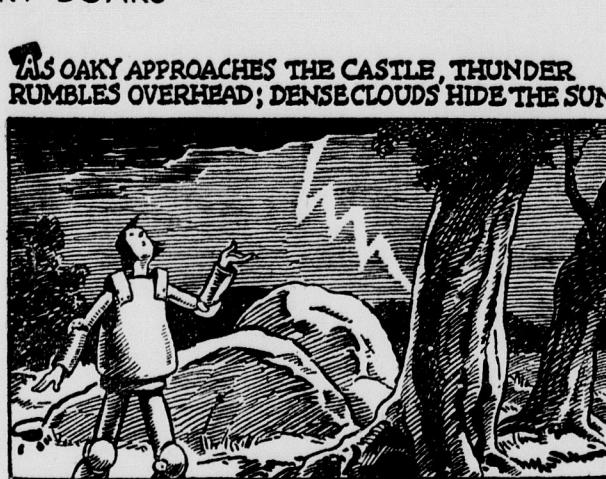
## Eating Her Words



By ERNIE BUSHMILLER

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## OAKY DOAKS



## Any Port In A Storm

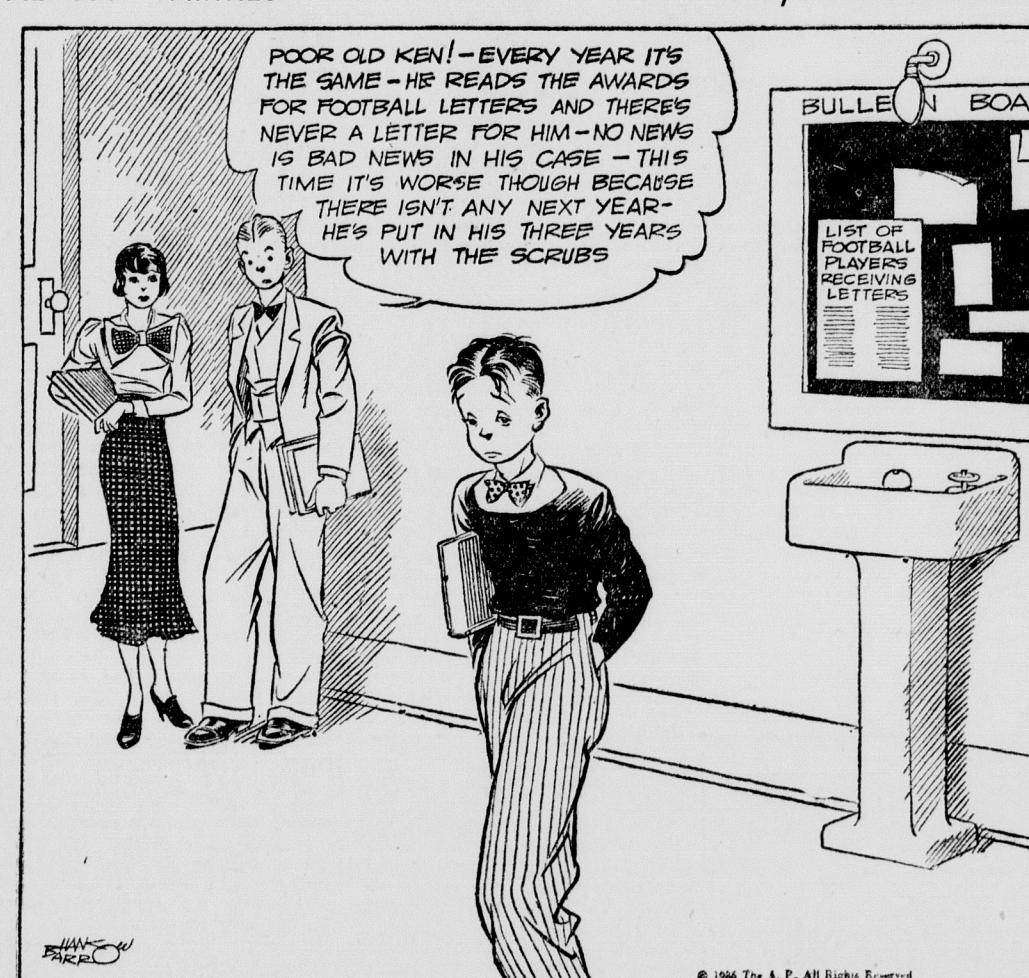


By R. B. FULLER

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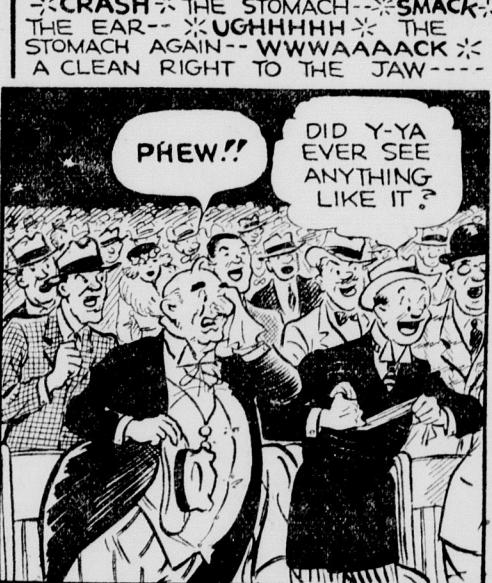
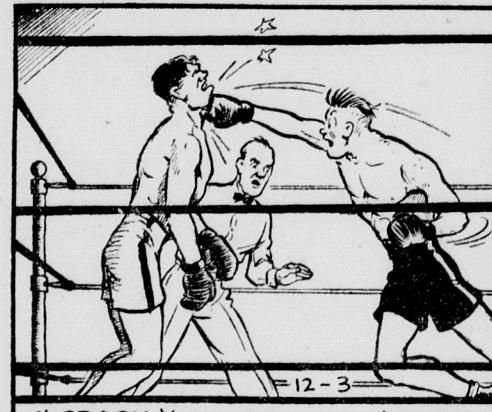
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## THE GAY THIRTIES



By HANK BARROW

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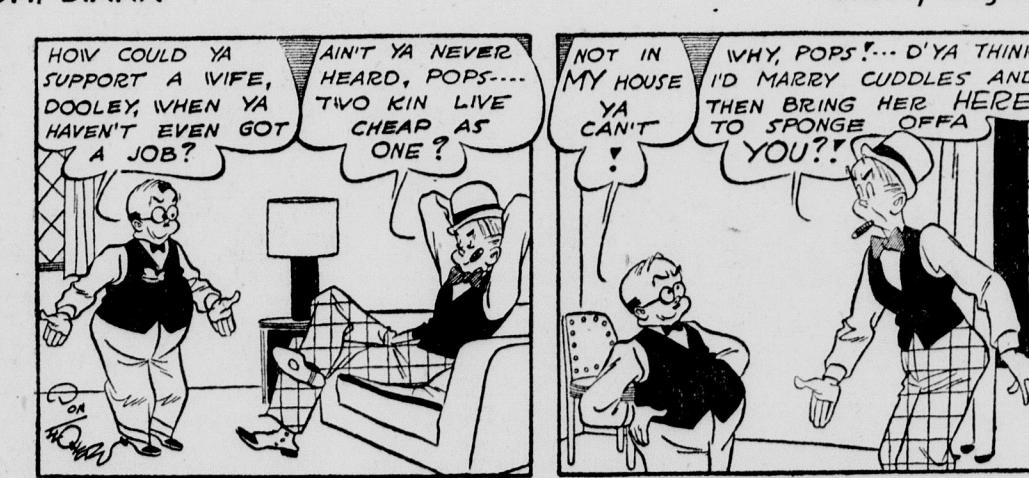
Nine-Ten-Out

By HAM FISHER

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## OH, DIANA



## Charity Begins At (Her) Home



By DON FLOWERS

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## "CAP" STUBBS



## Fair Warning



## Kit Will Have To Settle Down

By COULTON WAUGH

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## DICKIE DARE



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12-3



Politeness is not always the sign of wisdom. But the want of it leaves room for suspicion of folly.—Landor.

Vol. 2, No. 185

# EDITORIAL PAGE

December 3, 1936

This newspaper stands for a reunited people, for independence in all things political, and for honest journalism in its news and editorial columns.

## Santa Ana Journal

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National advertising representative: Western Holiday-Mogenes Co., Inc., New York, 21 East 40th Street; Chicago, 360 N. Michigan Avenue; Boston Franklin, 220 Bush Street; Detroit, 3084 West Grand Boulevard; Los Angeles, 433 S. Spring Street; Seattle, 603 Stewart Street; Portland, 520 S. W. Sixth Avenue; St. Louis, 411 N. Tenth Street. Copies of the Journal may be secured at any of these offices, where full data regarding the Santa Ana market may be had.

### Much Ado About a Marriage

THOSE Britshers are really serious about this love affair of King Edward and Wall Simpson, by jove. It's simply rocking the jolly old empire, don'tchknow.

So far the proposed wedding has resulted in the following headlines:

1. Cabinet threatens to resign.
2. King may be asked to abdicate.
3. London stock market slumps.
4. High clergy highly upset.
5. Rebellion hinted in Scotland.
6. King defies Prime Minister.

This royal romance is really making news!

Next thing you know, if it keeps up, there'll be a flash that the League of Nations is planning to investigate the affair, laying aside such minor items as the Nazi-Communist breach and the war in Spain.

Poor King Edward! No wonder he has circles under his eyes.

What with marrying du Ponts and working for Hearst, about the only astonishing assignment left for the young Roosevelts is a job running the radio for Father Coughlin.

### A Great Showman Passes On

JOHN RINGLING was to the circus business what Mount Whitney is to the Sierras—the tops. For 40 years his name was synonymous with the "big tent," its elephants and clowns.

Many an American has thrilled to the shriek of the steam calliope as Ringling Brothers' circus paraded down the main street.

The late circus magnate's rise from poverty to riches was as spectacular as his "Greatest Show in the World." Son of a poor German immigrant, he had a regular Horatio Alger career.

Ringling has gone to join P. T. Barnum, "Buffalo" Bill Cody and other greats of circus history. But his memory will linger long with those who love the sawdust ring.

They're streamlining everything again this Christmas—but we just couldn't stand Santa Claus without a beard.

### Fitting Honor for the Squad

NO MORE well-earned honor could be tendered to the champion Santa Ana Junior college football squad than the banquet which local service clubs are planning. The occasion will be a tribute from the older generation to those up-and-coming youngsters who already are doing their bit to enhance the reputation of Santa Ana.

It's assuring to know that this community has such an outstanding group of young men ready to graduate in a few years from the campus into the bigger field of trade, business and the professions.

Lessons in teamwork, clean sportsmanship, courage and persistence which they learned in the stadium will stand them in good stead later on.

Picture puzzle: Socialists hunting for dead comrades in Madrid among ruins of a church wrecked by bombs of Catholic rebels.

### More Work for the Executioner

THERE'S work ahead for the "headsman," that sinister, masked figure which Adolf Hitler revived from the Dark Ages to perform Nazi executions.

Der Fuehrer has just decreed the death penalty for Germans who "unscrupulously" hoard wealth abroad.

This means that Nazi subjects who ship funds to foreign lands for safety or investment can be sentenced to the block!

It is as if you, an American citizen, bought a farm in Mexico because you didn't like the business prospect here—and Uncle Sam chopped your head off.

Nice countries not to live in—those dictatorships!

Early bootleggers in Orange county used chili to put a kick in their stuff. Try that in your java some morning.

### It's Home-Building Time

THERE'S another subdivision growing up in the northeast section of Santa Ana. It's near the acreage which was subdivided earlier this year and where 13 handsome homes are being built.

Real estate is starting to boom in Orange county. It's like the good old days when city lots and country orchards were in bigger demand than maple syrup at a waffle breakfast.

A salute to the firm of Ball and Honer for opening the new subdivision and to all the new home builders who are driving down their stakes to stay.

Dr. Sargas is now going in for duels with pop guns and soft swords. Next week it will be pea shooters.

### Among Friends and Neighbors

THERE'S still hope for humanity yet, despite what pessimists croak. A story from Costa Mesa yesterday proves it.

Three hundred folks dropped their business and leisure to hunt for 6-year-old Marjorie Dunbar, lost on the way home from school. Yes, they found her.

Such neighborly happenings—and hundreds of them never reach the papers—show that the human heart isn't as hard nor head as soft as is sometimes claimed.

### Whimsies of O. O. McIntyre

The most easily found occupational niche in the metropolis is "pearl diving"—or dish-washing. There is always a lack of dish-washers, as the "Help Wanted" columns reveal. And no one remains a dish washer a any length of time.

It is, as a rule, the last job a man will take and the first he will desert when something better comes along. It is estimated there are 15,000 new dish washers going to work every morning in the greater metropolis. And few remain more than two weeks.

The task requires no apprenticeship, and thousands turn to it when other avenues appear closed. Many now famous New Yorkers served time in some obscure and dingy restaurant to stave off starvation. The pay is often meager, a place to sleep and \$5 a week. Another advantage is "pearl diving," for those who through no fault of their own reach the low rung, is the obscurity. No one ever sees a dish washer. Incidentally, two fast selling novels and a book of poems have been written by those bridging lean interludes in this lowly task.

Aviation sign work is one of the growing new industries—signs that will catch the eyes of not only aviators and mechanics but passengers while aloft. A building with a large roof, especially if flat, along one of the well traveled air lanes is worth a tidy sum in rentals. There is a firm in Radio City that has scouts to find good space, arrange contracts, devise and install the signs.

Because my life—save the last half dozen years—has been lived in hotels, the bell hop has interested me. No calling so sharpens the wits. Sometimes for good but not always. I have seen green plow-plucked boys arrive on the hotel bench goggle-eyed with curiosity and awkwardness and in several months become smoothies who know all the answers. There are boys who use bell-hopping as a step up and others who remain bell hops all their lives. Many have an amazing gift for juvenescence. Some at 45 and 50 look no more than 25. Often men of family, settled habits and home owners. A crack bell boy in a swank inn during flush days often knocked out from \$50 to \$600 a week. Even today many are able to make \$40.

There are a number of professional bell boys, invariably known by the nick-name "Red." They are roasters of a somewhat fly-by-night guild. One month in San Francisco, the next in Boston. They are alert, capable and never have trouble getting jobs. They are the boys found at the flossy Florida resorts. Those Florida jobs, incidentally, are most prized by many.

Park, so far as implying swank goes, holds the same sway in popular thought as Fifth avenue did up until about five years ago. But the reign will probably not be so long. Fifth was able for 15 years to resist the emulous cheap-john invaders. But in three years' time that part of Park that lies in the 40's has gone almost wholly commercial—not cheaply so, however. At the moment the ventures are strictly rue de la Paix. There are no gaudy signs that tail spin the avenue. But that phase will come. No street seems able to duck the despilers—not even famed Camps Elysees, now gone five-and-ten and bankrupt sales.

Kingumabobs: Amelia Earhart is building a home in Hollywood. . . . Jack Dempsey's favorite dish at his restaurant is sirloin steak with baked potatoes. . . . Floyd Gibbons always goes for a heavy midnight lunch. . . . King Edward's American lady friend, Mrs. Simpson, says she never expects to return to America again. . . . Ted Lewis is to build a house near his old home town, Circleville, O., for the carpet slipper days. . . . Sign in West 18th street: "Lecture Tonight on Confiscatory Communism" . . .

She came tripping up the avenue a perky Ann Pennington of 20 years ago with a pink pen wiper hat over one eye, a chinchia muff the size of a cream puff and a tight fitting coat that had tiny buttons flecked with white ermine. A passing truck driver, gazing at her, called to a buddy "I could fit her up like that even on my pay."

### Bright Moments

The Elder Pitt had invited Edmund Burke, the Irish statesman, Lord Grenville and Lord Addington to his home on famous Downing street. Talk turned to the French revolution, and Burke endeavored to alarm Pitt on the aggressive nature of French principles and the propaganda of revolution. Pitt remarked that the country and constitution were safe to the day of judgment. "Yes," said Burke quickly, "but 'tis the day of no judgment that I am afraid of."

One moment, please, while the operator changes reels.

### EVERYDAY MOVIES



By Denys Wortman

### The Mailbag

This department belongs to The People. Letters to the editor on various subjects are welcomed and will be published, provided they do not contain libelous and personal statements. Their publication does not necessarily imply the opinions they express are shared by The Journal. Letters must be signed, although signatures will be omitted upon request.

#### MORE ON DRINKING

To the Editor: Your editorial on the decrease in drinking in wet states is almost amazing. An article by John Haynes Holmes in a very reputable magazine of Nov. 25, carries the following:

"Drinking is increasing to such an extent as to break all the records of the trade. Thus, public records show that tax-paid withdrawals of distilled spirits, including alcohol for consumption, rose from 6,000,000 gallons in 1933, the last year of national prohibition, to nearly 42,500,000 gallons in 1934, and nearly 82,500,000 gallons in 1935. Tax-paid withdrawals of fermented malt beverages for consumption rose from 6,500,000 barrels in 1933 to a little more than 32,000,000 barrels in 1934, and nearly 42,000,000 barrels in 1935. The question of bootlegged liquor does not enter into this computation, since bootlegging is just as much of a factor under repeal as it was under prohibition."

If any of my friends have any intention of offering me cigarettes for Christmas, they will have to send 'em to me. I won't walk a mile for them.

And isn't it the truth that the things we fear most never happen? Orange grower stops to confess that during the night of the following sentences are verbatim quotations:

"Moderate and occasional drinkers show a steady increase of 21 per cent since a year ago in the number of insurance applicants reported to be moderate or occasional users of alcoholic beverages, and of 110 per cent since 1932."

"In the age group from 30 to 45, at the present time, 44.9 out of each 100 accepted applications are moderate or occasional users. This compares with 36.9 per 100 applicants in the same group this time a year ago, and 22.2 per 100 in the spring of 1932."

"In the analysis of rejection only cases of heavy indulgence were considered. For the year ending April 1, 1932, and for all ages, such cases averaged 17.6 per 100 rejections; in the corresponding period ending April 1, 1933, the figure had risen to 22 per 100, and for the year ending April 1, 1936, to 23.8 per 100."

"The secretary-treasurer of the Keeley Institute at Dwight, Ill., issued a report that "drinking among women has increased materially since the repeal of the eighteenth amendment."

The report described a 14 per cent increase among women patients in the first 10 months of 1935. Of these patients, 77 per cent were housewives, and the remainder school teachers, nurses, bookkeepers, saleswomen, office workers and restaurant keepers."

Since John Haynes Holmes has been writing an article each year on "The Effects of Repeal" one would hardly doubt his facts.

GEORGE A. WARMER.

On an aimless perambulation, I wander into a cafe where the table is set for a group meeting, and I am invited to stay. Caution being my first name, I inquire as to the nature of the organization, and when the information is given that a credit association is to meet—well, when the roll was called I wasn't there.

Our paper is running a weather report, but it isn't the kind of weather that I want, and there isn't any use "posting the paper" because I can't do any better taking some other paper. The reports all read the same. My objection is there isn't enough water in the report. Why not send 'em to Wall street, where they put water in stocks? Maybe they can put water in weather reports.

If the maritime strike continues much longer we can't have a truth report. We have no bananas.

Strange as it may seem, I met one fellow who wasn't complaining about the maritime strike. Said it gave him some leisure, inasmuch as he couldn't buy a bamboo rake, and he wouldn't use any other kind.

A midwest friend notes that it did not take long for a lot of fellows to remove the Roosevelt stickers from the windshield after they got kicked off the relief rolls.

"Truth is mighty and will prevail," is an old saying. The trouble is most of us are dead before the truth is discovered.

Notice among the arrests for law violations where some fellow put up \$500 bail. Wonder where he got the money. That sum would put over a Merry Christmas.

#### The People's Government

SENATOR NORRIS, expert constitutional reformer, has laid out new tasks for himself in securing two more amendments to the "supreme law of the land." He would abolish the electoral college, placing the choice of a president directly on the vote of the people. He would curtail the power of the supreme court by forbidding that high tribunal from nullifying a law of congress. He might well go further and lengthen the presidential tenure to one term of seven years.

There seems to be quite general agreement among students of the federal government that decided advantage would come from holding the presidency to one term. The constitutional fathers, sweating over their momentous task in that hot summer of 1787, wrestled with the problem, until weary they dropped it altogether. Proposals about the length of the president's term varied from one year to life. Many of the leaders thought it should be restricted to one term. Their experience with British executive authority had not been happy, and they were fearful of the centralizing tendency of such power. Most of the colonial governors had four-year terms. Finally, as a compromise the convention fixed on the term for the presidency, saying nothing about limiting it to one term.

Probably the best training for civic duties any man can have is the experience he gains by holding public office. It is far better for 10 men to hold office for four years each than for one man to hold that same office for 40 years.

The effect on the men is better, and the results to the public are decidedly better. When the Johnsons, the Garners, the Borahs, the Merriams hold down political chairs for a generation or more the people have deprived themselves of much valuable civic and political education.

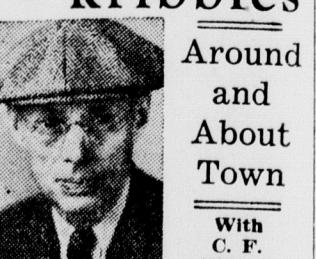
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Public office should not be so attractive that men fight to get in. They should be drafted for service, laying aside their personal affairs temporarily for the general good. And when that service has been rendered with dignity and pride, they should gladly retire to activities of private life, secure in the esteem of their fellow-men.

Speaking about Christmases, they are different in Southern California. If it were not for the snow on Old Baldy and Saddleback, Christmas wouldn't seem natural. Remember away back East where there was no snow on the ground, and we used to say a green Christmas meant a fat graveyard, but plenty of snow was an omen of good health and a good time? If it snowed Christmas day, that made the occasion complete. Presents didn't mean so much. It was the weather.

### Skinnies Skribbles



Around and About Town

With C. F. (Skinny) Skirvin

Met a local aviator who thought he could make a lot of money in a short time if he was in Spain, and he asked me if I wanted to go with him. If he made any money at all he would have to make it in a short time, as it looks like the war would be over soon. And then there is the trouble that he might find someone on the other side who wanted to make some money as quick as he did. I don't mind fighting for money, but I don't want it to be a peaceful contest.

If any of my friends have any intention of offering me cigarettes for Christmas, they will have to send 'em to me. I won't walk a mile for them.

And isn't it the truth that the things we fear most never happen? Orange grower stops to confess that during the night of the following sentences are verbatim quotations:

"Moderate and occasional drinkers show a steady increase of 21 per cent since a year ago in the number of insurance applicants reported to be moderate or occasional users of alcoholic beverages, and of 110 per cent since 1932."

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There is being expressed in America a

# FIVE STAR WEEKLY

Section of  
Santa Ana Journal  
Thursday, Dec. 3, 1936

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## FAMOUS LOVERS · Romeo and Juliet

**A**MIDST a feud of centuries sweet daughter of the Capulets meets son of Montagues, and from their fatal destiny flames tragic love so flashing bright . . . no creeping years may dim this legend of golden youth from Shakespeare's quill.

Romeo sees Juliet, and instantly they love. Swiftly follows terror, passion's glory . . . designed most cruelly by a fate inhuman. From marble balcony dear words of mur-

mured longing to Romeo below; thence speed they to Friar Laurence's cell for marriage rites. An hour of love . . . an unsought duel, where Romeo's rapier draws life's red flood from Tybalt's heart . . . then banishment for Romeo.

Comes noble Paris, to set his marriage day with Juliet. She all trembling, desperate to stay this unnatural marriage. What recourse now? By courage more than women

know, she lets flow along her throat a harmless potion, whose charm is death's cold imitation.

Fast fly the woeful tidings. Romeo, half mad, lent wings by dark despair . . . races to the vaulted tomb of Capulet . . . finds his Juliet upon a silken bier in false death's pallid mockery. "Here's to my love!" A jeweled vial is tipped: true poison enters those sad lips. O, Juliet, awakel Yet no—wake not. Dream on forever! Her eye-

Painted for this page  
by Milton Monroe

lids part, to gaze upon her lover, husband . . . outstretched in death unsimulated; to kiss, be kissed, no more.

One fierce decision now! His gleaming dagger presses straightly to her breast. Now fold her arms about his form, to seek in death fulfillment life denied . . .

"For never was a story of more woe  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo." Whit Wellman

# Mental Telepathy More Powerful Than Tom-Toms

## Thought Transfusion Powerful Force For Instantaneous Communication

AFRICAN tribesman pictured here beats a strange tattoo in the dark of jungle nights and messages go over this ebon shadowed part of the world faster than by American telegraph!

IT IS ONE OF THE MYSTERIES OF THIS UNIVERSE—BUT THERE IS A GREATER MYSTERY STILL! Black men whose bodies have a sinuous glamour have solved for themselves the method of communication, but they (and the rest of us) have UNUSED POWERS OF COMMUNICATION THAT WE ARE IGNORING!

### THIS IS MENTAL TELEPATHY!

Mental telepathy is no longer an unproven possibility, but a fact. In 1935 at the Rockefeller Institute, Dr. Alexis Carrel conducted a series of experiments under severe test conditions, supervised by scientists who were intensely interested in discovering the little known laws governing thought transference. Vibrations, they knew, governed just about everything in the laboratory—but if thoughts were also vibrations, could they not only pass from one person to another, but be understood by the receiver?

The answer was a definite, "Yes!"

TEN men and women were placed in a sealed room, divided from an adjoining room by a thick concrete wall. In the next room, ten other men and women waited for messages. The first ten acted as a "sending set," the other group as a "receiving set."

The idea was concentration of the "sending set"—and equal concentration of the "receiving set." The wall was sound proof, as were the two rooms. Both rooms were sealed.

A dozen subjects, or messages, were given to the first group to "send" to the second. Of these messages, ten "got through"; two failed. The "receiving group" knew the thoughts of the "sending group."

Mental telepathy was definitely established.

You may not realize it—may not even want to admit it—but YOU ARE A CONSTANT BROADCASTING STATION! Make no mistake about it, you are sending out messages every moment of your life and THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE ARE GETTING THEM!

This is why sages from the Himalayas in India tell you that YOU ATTRACT WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT!

I HAD a curious, and very simple, demonstration of this one time before I knew the power of thought. A little boy in my family wanted an Airedale puppy, but saw no way of getting it since he lived in a hotel and his father would not agree to dogs. On the cover of a magazine he found a large picture in colors of just such a dog, so he cut it out and put it on his mirror where he could see it the first thing every morning and the last thing at night. He called it "Fido, dog of my dreams."

In about a month he received a notice from the railroad that a package was being held for him and that he would have to call for it.

### THE PACKAGE WAS AN AIREDALE DOG!

It seemed that the printing house in a distant city was very grateful to the lad's father for some business thrown their way. They also had an unpaid bill for work done for a dog kennel. The manager of the printing house explained the gift this way:

"We had this bill and it was larger than the dog folk could pay. I happened to think that you had a little boy and that he might like a dog, so I took part of the payment for the bill in a dog. I DON'T KNOW WHY I THOUGHT OF YOUR LITTLE BOY, BUT I DID!"

Another interesting part of this demonstration is that THE DOG WAS ALMOST A DUPLICATE OF THE PICTURE!

I GAVE the book "Mental Radio" by Sinclair to a friend to read and she became so interested that she asked me to work with her on some experiments. This friend is Linda Lane, motion picture critic who is not easily influenced nor is she emotional.

Accordingly I drew a picture on a piece of paper and folded it so she could not see. She did the same for me. We both concentrated for about 30 minutes and finally she said:

"I can't see anything but those long-stemmed flowers you once had in your office!"—which was exactly what I had drawn for her. On the other hand, I said, "Well, you're better than I am; I see only goofy circular lines which seem to mean nothing at all."

She had drawn a simple circle in imitation of a clown's face with a short curved line for the mouth and eyes!

MIND you, I'm not saying that you should sit down immediately and start drawing crazy pictures for your friends to ponder over, but I am saying that THERE IS SOMETHING HERE FOR YOU TO THINK ABOUT!

I talked with a Hindu one time about "telling fortunes." He was putting on a special campaign with The Atlanta Journal in Atlanta, Ga., and answered questions for readers of The Journal. It was amazing how many things he found and how many times he was right.

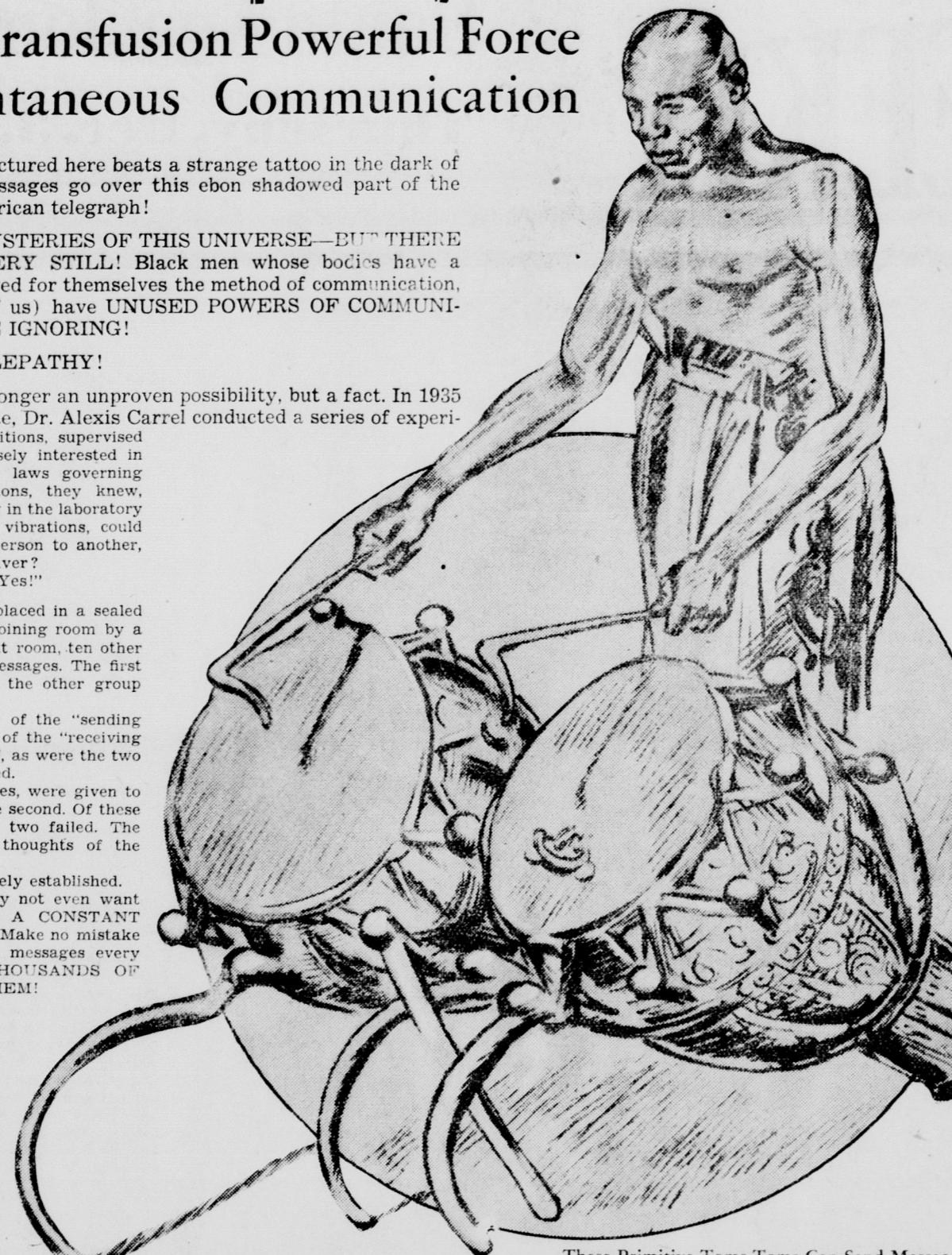
None of the reporters (and I was one) believed in fortune telling, but we couldn't doubt the check-up on this man's work. HE KNEW WHAT HE WAS TALKING ABOUT!

I went one evening to his office and asked him how he did this, and said immediately, "Don't tell me it's a fortune teller's gift."

"I won't," he said, laughing at me.

THIS way of doing this was to sit quietly with the question in his mind. Suppose someone has lost some bonds and suspects someone else of stealing them. The Hindu simply sits down and thinks about this man's mind and soon he "gets a feeling" that this man has put the bonds in the drawer of an oak desk. He reads this man's mind! Now it may be that the man has been so busy that his conscious mind lays aside this information and he "forgets." Or it may be that the Hindu sees certain friends with this man and reading the minds of the friends finds the one who is thinking about how he took those bonds. It isn't fortune telling at all but MIND READING!

The Hindu assured me that ANYONE could do it with a little effort, but it seems to me that



These Primitive Toms-Toms Can Send Messages Faster Than Telegraph. But Mental Telepathy Is Instantaneous. Develop It!

it would take a great deal of effort and knowledge, also a great deal of good solid common sense, to do it. However, I am convinced that it is a fact, because every time I have tried something of the sort it has worked.

Once I was driving with friends across a mountain pass in the Northwest and we were caught in one of the country's worst blizzards. The car slipped into a ditch because it was impossible to see the road, and night came on with no help in sight. The situation seemed hopeless and we were dozens of miles from any habitation whatever. Silently the snow fell and little by little the car was being covered. Some of the passengers were resigned to death and declared that no one would pass here for days, due to the storm. I sat in the back of the car thinking that if there was something to this Great Intelligence, this One Mind, then someone must catch our cry for help.

Soon in the dark of the night we saw lights zigzagging slowly along, feeling their way, and we waited breathlessly. Gradually they came to us. It was a rescue crew of telephone linemen. Said the man in charge: "You know, we were sitting by the fire and I said to Sam, 'Somebody MIGHT be on that road tonight and if they are they'll freeze to death.' Now ain't that funny?"

Funny? Well, wonderful rather!—But isn't life?

Jean Rendlen.

## Reminiscences Of A Rover "DUGOUT"

"UNNY," Merrill said slowly, "what things you'll remember after—how long is it, Bill? Eighteen years?"

"Meaning the war? Thought we'd forgotten that."

"You don't forget, guy. Pieces of it come back to you, like tonight. For no damned reason."

Frank's a tall chap, six feet and more. We'd been across together. Ambulance 361, 91st Division. Sprawled before the log fire in my study, pulling on his pipe, he looked almost like the kid I'd bunked with in the Argonne. Older, of course; with a wife, now, and youngsters of his own. But his grin was the same, slow and very wide. Frank is a cheerful sort, you'd never know he had a trouble, bills to pay, or that his first book had been turned down by a dozen publishers. He was writing another.

"The smoke of this wood takes me back to Very," he said. "Remember the blueberry pies? Butter we sneaked from the canteen?"

"You won't find Very on the map," I replied, lifting another log to the fire. "Or Epinonville, the place beyond."

"I know. But they were there. We saw the signs—anyhow the new maps don't show where we landed. Plenty of little towns no one hears about."

"Didn't know you ever thought about that time, Frank."

"There's something I never told you. Didn't think you'd believe me; maybe you won't even now. Queer as hell."

I BEGAN to come back to me. Crawling north from Dijon, up through Bar-le-Duc. Tenting in a stable at Nogent-la-Sur. The night on the south side of Heas Woods: a false gas alarm, a couple of stray shells, then on next morning to a sign post, Very. Caves in a hillside. A week of blueberry pies, berries picked between five o'clock and dusk, when the Boche paused an accurate shelling of that blueberry patch.

"You remember pies, my God, when men were dying? But I don't mean Very. Farther up. We got ride in a truck—bounced along a wooden road. Epi—horses and cassions tossed on both sides. The wounded had been picked up. Can you remember why the devil we were going up?"

"To find the rest of the outfit," I said. "We didn't have ambulances to drive, being an ambulance company. Well?"

"We got to Epinonville, but the outfit had

gone on somewhere. There was a big broken wagon, and beside it a G. I. can packed with tins of beans and apricots. I remember the apricots. So there we were. Four of us, Bill—Ian Campbell, Cowgill, Guy Wilson, you and me. Five, by golly. It was noisy as the deuce on the other side of the hill. Something was happening, but we were too tired to find out what. We'd

had a choice between the wagon, a big haystack and a deserted dugout—and a shell hole down the road. But it wasn't time to sleep, being still daylight. Be patient, Bill. I'm coming to the place where you did something you never knew about—

Starved is what we were that night—in spite of the blueberry pies. We sat under that wagon, my God, until they started to toss shells into the field. Then we scrambled for the concrete dugout, remember? A fool spot to pick, because the roof was thatched. Concrete sides, steps leading down into it, and inside a mess of straw to lie on."

"YES," I agreed, wondering what he had in mind. He'd picked one night you don't easily forget. A shell landed in the middle of our packs, piled in a heap. We scattered, and ended up breathless and scared in the dugout. Huddled together to keep warm, five of us, shivering, trying to get sleep . . . every ten minutes or so, regularly; a shell landing close by, shaking the sides of the dugout. "Yes," I said, "and we got to sleep."

"You did, maybe. I got up, having better sense than the rest of you. Went looking for a shell hole down the road. It looked safer. Anything looked better than that concrete morgue. It smelled like dead men had inhabited it recently. . . . You tried to stop me, said I was crazy. But I knew better. If a shell had landed in those four walls, we'd have floated to heaven. . . ."

He was right, of course. I'd tried to keep him there, knowing that where a shell landed once, another could land again. The Boche were methodical. I'd argued with Frank, but he'd gone. I turned over, crowded between Ian and Guy. All of us were wrapped in one big blanket to keep from freezing. I couldn't have moved after Frank left.

"I found the shell hole," Frank continued. "A big one, cut out of nice warm earth. Curled in it for a few hours, but didn't sleep. Then you came along, wide awake . . . and pulled me out of it, made me go back with you."

"I know what?" I asked, looking at him hard.

"Knew you wouldn't believe me," he mumbled. Then he sat up straight, shook a finger.

## Sixty Seconds From Life "DIAMONDS" » » » » » By John Richard Finch

GAYLORD JAMISON was interested in South African gold; his wife, Kathryn, in diamonds. The fact that diamonds, as well as gold, came from South Africa made not the slightest difference to Kathryn. So long as she had them, they could come from Iceland or Hawaii as far as she was concerned. And she did have them—on her fingers, around her slender white throat, dangling from the lobes of her pretty ears, decorating watches, bracelets, brooches, and glittering in a tiara that she always said she wore only on extra special occasions, which simply meant that she wore it at the slightest provocation. Kathryn Jamison was the "Diamond Queen" of the Transvaal, and her husband, the "Gold King."

Jamison came to South Africa to fight the Boers and had stayed on to fight for fortune in this far new land. He had succeeded beyond his wildest dreams. With the march of years and with shrewd dealing, he became owner of the controlling interest in a great combine that was a power from Rhodesia to the Cape. But with approaching middle-age, Jamison, despite his wealth and power, grew lonely. He wanted a wife—a pretty young wife with golden hair and deep blue eyes. He wanted something of what he had missed in the years he had spent accumulating a fortune. He was willing to pay handsomely for it—he could afford to, and he did.

And so Jamison went back to England, shopped around, picked up Kathryn in a music hall because she possessed just the hair and eyes he had dreamed about for 30 years, and married her.

Admitting Jamison was no prize package for looks, and that without his bank account he would have had about as much chance of getting a girl like Kathryn as he would of obtaining gold mining rights on the moon, still, there was a certain glamour about the man. In England, a colonial, especially a very rich one, is bound to have a sheen. To be sure, he wasn't a Cecil Rhodes, a Paul Kruger, nor yet a Livingstone. He was just a hard-working Englishman who had made good—in rather a big way. He hadn't even suggested love to Kathryn. As a matter of fact, he, himself, hadn't thought much about it. With either a complete naivete or a splendid carelessness, he had just picked out Kathryn as he would a picture, told her who he was, the source and proportions of his income, and asked her to marry him. Ten days later he was on a ship bound for Capetown with Kathryn as his wife. That was three years before.

KATHRYN was tolerated in Johannesburg society—naturally, her husband's position demanded it—but her indelicate propensities for display, her natural vulgarities, and her obviously lacking social background, barred her from the inner circles. Jamison couldn't understand this—perhaps because he hailed from the same part of London as his wife. Of course, Kathryn was popular with the men. She was youthful, very pretty, and good company. In the bars and at the race track men often spoke of her as the prettiest woman in Africa.

Jamison was very proud of his wife. He built the finest home in the Transvaal for her in Johannesburg, surrounded her with every luxury, a retinue of servants, and allowed her complete freedom. But Kathryn, after three years, had become restless! More and more often she made trips to Capetown—alone! It was whispered that there was another man.

When the "whispers" reached Jamison, he telephoned to Capetown, where Kathryn was staying at a hotel at the time, and had a diamond dinner ring as big as a shilling piece delivered to her. After that, she received diamonds like other women might flowers. Capetown called her the "Diamond Queen," and the name stuck. Meanwhile, another rich vein of gold was discovered on Jamison's holdings, and his fortune mounted to such fabulous proportions that the name of Gaylord Jamison became known in every corner of the world.

It was only a short time later that Kathryn came to him to ask for her freedom.

"Gay," she said, "I've got to have a divorce. I've fallen in love."

Jamison didn't answer at once. He sat silently in his chair, thinking.

"Gay," she went on. "You've been very sporting with me, and I haven't kept my end of the bargain. I'm not good enough for you! I'm not worth what you've done for me!"

He stopped her. "You've been all that I could ask for under the circumstances. Kathryn. You're young and very lovely. I've lived my life. I wouldn't want anyone to miss the things I've missed—least of all you. I want you to be happy, my dear."

"Thanks, Gay."

"You'll be returning to England?"

She nodded. "Immediately."

"I'll instruct my solicitors in London to make any settlement you wish."

"I'm very grateful, Gay. It's like you to be

"I was in the dugout when you woke up next morning?"

"Sure—you'd come in from the cold."

"You came and got me," he insisted. "Whether you knew it or not. You were damned silent about it, creeping up on me, yanking me from a snug berth. Remember, we passed that shell hole, finding the outfit next day?"

REMEMBER that. The hole was twice, three times as big—so Frank said. Another shell had landed plank in its middle.

"We walked by the damned thing," Frank said, slowly, "but you didn't mention having pulled me to safety, so I kept still. It struck me, later, there was something queer about it. You didn't know you'd saved my life."

"I didn't, you idiot. You were dreaming. I stuck in that dugout, sound asleep. I'd have known—"

"Maybe your body stayed there," Frank muttered, surprised at himself for admitting it.

"Sounds insane. I saw you, felt you jerking at me, my God . . . and I was sober and damned cold!"

"I believe you," I said, to quiet him. Frank was getting excited. I knew he hadn't moved from the dugout, that night. It was queer enough, but you couldn't convince Frank that he was the odd one.

W. W.

generous, but I can't take anything more from you. There's only one thing—I'd like to keep my diamonds."

"Of course, Kathryn. But surely you will want—"

"Nothing else, please," she interrupted him. "I've made up my mind. I know it doesn't sound like me, but I'm not quite the rotter I seem—at least not any more. You've done too much for me already."

"But I have plenty, Kathryn. More than I can ever use." He paused, thoughtfully. "But maybe your—your—"

RADING his thoughts, Kathryn shook her head. "No, he doesn't have anything. His name is Carruthers—Evan Carruthers. He's only a clerk or something. But I love him, so what difference does it make? He's going back to England with me. We'll have to live very modestly."

"But it doesn't make sense, Kathryn!"

"I know it! I'm a fool—a complete idiot! It will be funny—living in a small flat with a fortune in diamonds that I shan't be able to wear. I can't give them up, though, Gay! I've always had a passion for diamonds. I'd rather starve than give them up."

Jamison shook his head. "Love is a funny thing, Kathryn. It's very difficult sometimes to understand. Remember this, however—just in case you should change your mind—if you are in need, go to my solicitors and they'll give you whatever you wish."

"I shan't change my mind," she told him.

Kathryn hadn't been gone six months when Jamison sold his interests in the Transvaal. He went to Capetown and proceeded to go to the devil with such fervor and speed that his escapades became the principal subject of gossip throughout the Union. Heads shook and Jamison was pointed out as a terrible example of what the wrong kind of a woman can do to a man. He gambled heavily and invariably lost. As the months passed, the great Jamison fortune dwindled and there came a day when he sat with a glass of brandy

# Crucified Hungary Honors Borah

Idaho Senator Receives Rare Volume  
From People Suffering Under War Treaty



By Lewis M. Longteig

BUDAPEST was bedecked with flags of black, draped in mourning. Railway and street car service had stopped; banks and stores were closed. The Trianon Peace Treaty had been imposed upon the Hungarian nation, one of the strong central European powers, one of the oldest governments of the western world, dating back to the close of the Roman Empire.

Like other nations, Hungary had experienced internal strife. Her empire comprised a huge territory with a population of 51 million souls, half of whom were Magyars, or ancient Hungarian descendants. Though she had been allied as a partner with Austria for several decades, she was subject to Austrian rule. Finally she asserted herself and became an independent republic, to be dissolved as the Austria-Hungary Empire in 1918, due to internal political controversies.

Like the aged leader of some wolf pack, whose companions suddenly pounced upon him—like pirates who mutiny over spoils—so did the nations surrounding Hungary move in upon her.

The Allies, seeing the situation caused by labor and socialistic disruption, set up a cabinet representing the Hungarian parties, and equipped her with a new constitution. Meanwhile, in 1920 the Hungarian government had been compelled to sign the Trianon Treaty, agreeing to new frontiers of the Hungarian State, narrowing the border between Hungary and Rumania so drastically that it included the rail lines running through the West Transylvania uplands which formed the natural means of transportation. Northern railway communications were strategic points in determining new boundaries. Hungary's iron and coal sources were assigned to Czechoslovakia in the face of national defiance, leaving Hungary no natural defense, making her plains open to invasion from the mountainous region which surrounded her from the Alps to the Carpathians.

THE signing of the Treaty of Trianon was so bitterly protested that they did not accept it as drafted, and it was reconsidered by the Supreme Council. The revised document, however, granted only a few economic concessions, and the territorial causes which were so vigorously protested were practically unchanged. Not only did the Treaty of Trianon take away the greater portion of her territory but limited her to a standing army of 35,000 men with guns of not more than 10 centimeter calibre, and heavy guns not larger than 105 millimeter bore. Compare these guns to the German gun which shelled Paris at a distance of 75 miles. These would be bean shooters.

The United States government refused to sign, sanction or recognize the Trianon Peace Treaty. Because of the efforts of Senator William E. Borah, who vigorously protested and raised his voice on behalf of Hungary, the Hungarian Government compiled a volume and presented it to him as a token of appreciation by crucified Hungary. This book is one of the rarest works of art brought to this country within the last decade. It represents the efforts of two officials from each county of the Province of Hungary, and two years' time to compile, as it is hand penned, embossed on parchment and hand water tinted.

The work of printing was so perfect that American printers declared it was lettered by machine, and not until a thorough examination was made was it found to be hand lettered. All of the pages, except two, are in color, and

Iron-Jawed Senator William E. Borah, of Idaho, Whose Bitter Fight Against Imposition of the Trianon Treaty Won for Him An Unusual Honor From the People of Hungary. Senator Borah Asserted That Hungary Was Crucified By Terms of the Treaty.

almost impossible to reproduce with a camera. The cover is hand tooled calfskin and the book weighs eighteen pounds.

The case containing it is covered by a plate glass window and is bound in the same material. It contains about one hundred pages, all hand decorated in colors and one page is by what was supposed to be a lost art formerly practiced by the monks.

THE book is a gift from the Hungarian Readjustment League, and was sent to William E. Borah by Victor Drozdy, Editor of "Az Iras," Chicago, on Sept. 26, 1932. This volume has been appraised at a value of \$10,000.00. Along with this volume came a map made of inlaid woods which represents the government of Hungary before and after the war, or showing the effects of the Treaty of Trianon as she is pictured, a nation crucified upon the cross. The book is now in the possession of the Idaho State Historical Society of Boise, Idaho, in the custody of the librarian.

To portray the unselfish attitude of Senator Borah, I should like to relate an incident, known to few persons. Friends of the senator at one time during the hey day of finances, had made a first mortgage loan of him to the extent of \$5,000. The depression came along and the man who borrowed the money passed away. His widow worked at whatever employment she could find to scrape up the interest to keep alive the mortgage on her home. Senator Borah heard of this, and on Christmas, 1935, a letter from him contained the mortgage marked "paid in full," without any explanation.

The senator has less money today than he had when he entered the United States Senate as a young man. It is readily understood why he is so loved by all states and nations. Undoubtedly he will go down in history with George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and the great founders of our country.

Here are several pages from the beautiful album presented to Senator Borah:

From the mayor of the Royal Free Borough of Sopron

M. SENATOR: At sunset on 14th December 1921 a peal of bells rang out over the old-world streets of the town of Sopron. The inhabitants were rejoicing because that day they had been allowed to prove their loyalty to their ancient fatherland, Hungary, in a plebiscite controlled by an interalliance commission made up of generals.

The unjust peace treaty of Trianon had adjudged Sopron to Austria even that former ally of ours with whom for centuries we had lived in peace under a common ruler and with whom, shoulder to shoulder, we fought to the bitter end of the world war, had demanded a share of torn and bleeding Hungary. The Austrian army had made preparations to occupy the town on 28th August 1921, but in the eleventh hour a burst of national feeling flamed up and the Austrians were met with a storm of bullets.

Mr. Senator, you have raised your voice on the side of Hungary's just cause. Your words are an echo of American public opinion. The

FRM THE HUNGARIAN FRONTIER READJUSTMENT LEAGUE  
SENATOR  
WILLIAM E. BORAH.  
CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS.  
WASHINGTON, U.S.A.  
MR. SENATOR,

The Hungarian Frontier Readjustment League, to which belong counties, towns, villages, social leagues, chambers of agriculture and factory hands, miners, manufacturers and bankers, landowners and merchants, public and cultural laborers, craftsmen, tradesmen and merchants, railway and shipping employees, and workmen, postal employees, jurists, physicians, professors, chemists, teachers and students, Catholic priests, Protestant clergymen, Jewish rabbis, churchmen, scientists, artists, poets, journalists, soldiers, officers, the whole Hungarian nation, whether in dismembered Hungary or beyond her present boundaries, men and women without respect of class or social position, declares the Peace of Trianon to be a cruel, senseless and intolerable dictate unworthy of the文明 progress of the XX. century and out of keeping with the democratic principles of the nations and which, besides bringing economic ruin upon Hungary and upon the whole Danube Basin, has made international reconciliation impossible by dividing the nations into two classes, victors and vanquished.

Furthermore the League declares that you, Mr. Senator, have earned the gratitude and respect of the whole Hungarian nation when, true to the noble traditions of the United States of America, with manly candor you took sides against the unjust treaties and for the rights of humanity and justice.

Budapest, 15th March, 1932.

George Justice  
acting president of the  
H.F.R. League.

Ernest T. T. T.  
acting manager of the  
H.F.R. League.

Honoreg ferencz  
general president of the  
H.F.R. League.



Photograph of One of the Illuminated Pages From the Treasured Volume Presented to Senator Borah by the People of the Unfortunate Nation.



Miss Ester Hanifen, of the Idaho State Historical Society, Is Pictured With the Volume, Which Was Turned Over to the Organization By the Senator.

strong will, patriotism and honesty of American citizens have made your nation the first in the world. Mr. Senator, your sense of justice and your brave and candid statements have insured you a place in the hearts of eight million Hungarians.

From the meeting of the Corporation of the City of Debrecen:

YOUR Excellency: In the name of its 117,000 inhabitants, the Corporation of the City of Debrecen, the Eastern Capital of mutilated Hungary, begs to do homage to Your Excellency — on the occasion of your recent and most significant declaration. By this declaration in which you identify yourself with the principles held by the foreign friends of our country you have raised your powerful voice in behalf of the justness of Hungary's cause and the resurrection of our nation, thereby drawing universal attention to the necessity for revising the peace treaties.

Your attitude is to us a promise that good sense will finally triumph and that even in the midst of this general crisis the conviction will prevail that the Treaty of Trianon must be modified and that Hungary who has been devastated

after having fought a thousand years in the service of Western culture must be released from the clutch under which she is being strangled.

The Corporation of the City of Debrecen sends to Your Excellency this expression of its profound respect and gratitude for your frank manifestation, and prays God's blessing on your further activities.

We take this opportunity to invite Your Excellency to see Hungary for yourself and to honor our city with your visit that we may have the privilege of expressing to you directly our gratitude and high esteem.

From the Municipal Council of the Royal Free Borough of Györ:

M. SENATOR: At the general meeting of the Municipal Council of the Royal Free Borough of Györ held this day, honorable mention was made of you, Mr. Senator, who, at the time when the French Premier was in America, drew the attention of the world to the question of revision; in other words, were pleased to raise your voice, the voice of conviction that must carry far, on behalf of the Hun-



With the Volume, Which is Valued at \$10,000, Came a Map Made of Inlaid Woods, Representing the Governments of Hungary Before and After the War.

garian nation crushed under the peace of Trianon.

That genuine and lasting sense of gratitude felt by all classes of Hungarian society towards your person, Mr. Senator, for what you have done for this downtrodden nation, buffeted by fate, has found a hearty response in the bosoms of the Municipal Council of the Royal Free Borough of Györ. That Council, as one representative of Hungarian public opinion, holds your important attitude towards the unjust and intolerable peace treaty of Trianon in high esteem; for in it we see the beginnings of justice for Hungary and the dawn of a brighter future for the country.

We believe, Mr. Senator, that your sagacious attitude—an attitude based upon a wide knowledge of international politics—in proclaiming the need for a revision of the peace treaties in the interests of European consolidation will help to bring public opinion to see that the Hungarian nation living as it does in the heart of Europe is an important factor in international economics and in civilization, and that it would be to the interests of the whole world to preserve that race.

While expressing our deep gratitude for the words of wisdom born of a courageous heart and a clear judgment and spoken in the interests of peace and harmony in Europe, we pray you to continue to be the just and powerful protector of a nation fighting for its very existence and hampered on all hands by the unjust treaties.

On behalf of the general meeting of the Municipal Council of the Royal Free Borough of Györ held on this the 30th of December 1931.

From the Hungarian Frontier Readjustment League:

M. SENATOR: The Hungarian Frontier Readjustment League, to which belong counties, towns, villages, social leagues, chambers of agriculture and farmers' associations, industrial corporations, commercial organizations, factory hands, miners, manufacturers and bankers, landowners and agricultural laborers, craftsmen, tradesmen and merchants, public and private employees, railway and shipping employees, jurists, physicians, professors, chemists, teachers, and students, Catholic priests, Protestant clergymen, Jewish rabbis, churchmen, scientists, artists, poets, journalists, soldiers, officers, the whole Hungarian nation, whether in dismembered Hungary or beyond her present boundaries men and women without respect of class or social position, declares the Peace of Trianon to be:

A cruel, senseless and intolerable dictate unworthy of the civilization of the century and out of keeping with the democratic progress of the nations, and which, besides bringing economic ruin upon Hungary and upon the whole Danube Basin, has made international reconciliation impossible by dividing the nations into two classes, victors and vanquished.

Furthermore, the League declares that you, Mr. Senator, have earned the gratitude and respect of the whole Hungarian nation when, true to the noble traditions of the United States of America, with manly candor you took sides against the unjust treaties and for the rights of humanity and justice.

From Victor Drozdy, late member Hungarian Parliament, and editor of "Az Iras," Chicago:

DEAR SENATOR BORAH: Having been on a visit to Budapest, I have been requested and privileged by the League for Revision of the Trianon Peace Treaty to bring to the United States the album I herewith deliver. It has been a grateful and loving gesture on the part of the Hungarian people to one of Hungary's great friends as a token of her everlasting thanks and gratitude to you, Senator.

The album I have the honor to deliver to you is one of the most beautiful illuminated albums of its kind. Experts say that none of the classics of its kind can be compared to it in artistic merit and beauty of workmanship.

The Hungarian people hope that you will enjoy its artistic features as much as they have enjoyed the thought of offering it to you.

# North, South, East—There Is Only One West

"Go West, Young Man," Horace Greeley,  
Mae Can't Both Be Wrong

Although Mae West Is Known Over the Four Points of the Compass for Her Hour-Glass Figure, She Also Has the Most Perfect Feet in Filmdom.



"Diamond Lil" in Costume for Her New Picture, First in a Year, "Go West, Young Man." The Curvaceous Star Portrays a Film Star Making Personal Appearances.

By Linda Lane

**W**HAT has Hollywood done for you?" Mae West came up with the somewhat amazing reply, "It gave me a look at the sun!"

Hollywood, that half fabulous and more than slightly unbalanced city of film factories, has awarded its favored people with everything from antiques to yachts, airplanes and down to zithers—but it's done one thing for Mae West she still can't get over.

That, of course, is only a small part of the answer—but it's first in the mind of this amazing star, primarily because she can't get over her own surprise at working during the daytime, even after four years of motion picture making.

The change in her habits of a lifetime has been beneficial, Miss West admits, in more ways than one. She has discovered new interests and new ambitions.

On the stage from the time she was four (and doing imitations of Bryan Foy, George M. Cohan and Eva Tanguay), Mae West grew to womanhood under the impression that nothing ever happened that was very interesting before 6 o'clock in the evening. The theater was her world. Not infrequently she saw sunrise—but she was just retiring at the time. Now she never ceases to wonder at the fact that she often sees sunrises as she is awakening in the morning.

Well, the gal who made the hourglass figure as well known through the world as Henry Ford's famous product, has a lot of things she says "thank you" to Hollywood for.

"Hollywood—I mean the movies, of course—gives me the chance to relax once in awhile," she said, lounging on a divan in her white and gold.

"I'll admit I don't get too much time to myself even now, but on the stage I was always working. While I was playing one show, I'd be working on the next—writing, conferring with directors, song writers, scenery designers, dress designers, and so forth. Here, of course, I have much the same things to do, but the interval between pictures is longer—and believe me, that's something."

**C**REDITED with writing her own screen plays and dialogue, Mae West also supervises the costuming, music and half a hundred other details that enter into the making of a screen product. She has just finished "Go West, Young Man." With the curvaceous West in the unusual Major Pictures production, to be released through Paramount, is her strongest supporting cast, which includes Warren William, Randolph Scott, Lyle Talbot, Alice Brady, Elizabeth Patterson, Isabel Jewell, Margaret Perry and a number of other outstanding players.

"And another thing," the star continued. "Hollywood gives one the chance to do the things one likes to do. Here, if one is so inclined, there's golf, tennis, riding and any number of sports. There's so much to offer—even if I do seem to be talking like the Chamber of Commerce advertisements."

While Miss West has never talked about the fact that she hides away in the country occasionally, she will admit to enjoying horseback riding. She indulges in this sport at a small ranch some 15 miles from Hollywood where her brother, Jack West, Jr., stables his racing horses between meetings. The location of the ranch is kept as secret as possible—autograph hunters and the just plain curious have a habit, in this town, of making stars' lives miserable.

It is fairly well known that the play "Diamond Lil," which was such a stage hit and was later adapted for films, is actually closely connected with Miss West's own life insofar as a passion for diamonds is concerned.



Mae West, in an Off-the-Screen Moment, Between Scenes on Her New Film, in Which She Introduces New Fashions.

**A**ND Hollywood, she confesses, has given her some more diamonds for her collection as well as a new desire in the way of gems. This time she has fallen under the spell of star sapphires. Part of her collection of these striking stones is to be seen in "Go West, Young Man."

"I suppose my love for diamonds is just part of theater tradition. Troupers always look on diamonds as something with a value that never changes. I came up through the school of the road show, burlesque, vaudeville and so forth, and I must have acquired that trouper's point of view unconsciously. Anyway, it's nice to know the diamonds are there—just in case."

"Hollywood even gave me a husband," Miss West laughed. "It wasn't until I'd been here some time that I ever heard of the gentleman who keeps suing me in New York. I don't know whether to thank Hollywood for that touch or not—after all, I haven't met the man yet. But on top of that, Hollywood gave me a scare I don't want again when some crank kept writing that he would throw acid in my face."

"However, I'll say this for Hollywood—the stars are a lot better protected than they are elsewhere, and I appreciate that."

For a lady reared in the boisterous, hectic atmosphere of burlesque, Mae West leads a singularly simple life. Hollywood, perhaps,

Warren William, Lyle Talbot and Randolph Scott, the Three Leading Men in Miss West's New Film. Each Tries to Persuade the Star He Is the One Who Should Be the Recipient of Her Affection.

didn't give her that "simple life" outlook, but it gave her the opportunity to lead it. Something of a paradox in that she's a high-strung nervous person when she's making a picture and an utterly at ease person when she's resting. Mae West found that the unconventionalities of the film town was a distinct relief from Broadway, where show people are necessarily on show all the time.

"I like to wear smart gowns, just as every woman does—but I like, too, the Hollywood attitude. After you've been dressed all day in a swanky evening creation, it's no fun to go home and put on another. Instead, Hollywood gives you the chance to take it easy in the matter of clothes. The fashion for pajamas, you know, originated here, and it wasn't just the urge to do something different that started the idea, either. As I say, being dressed up to the ear ceases to be fun when it's work—and I like to relax just as much as anybody," is the star's explanation of why she is so seldom seen in what might be termed, in Westian phraseology, "high hat" garb.

**M**ISS WEST is returning to the screen in "Go West, Young Man" for the first time in nearly a year. That, of course, does not mean she has been idle that long. For weeks before a camera turned, she was writing and rewriting in seclusion at her brother's ranch.

Here again the flexibility of the screen—one of the many things filmdom gave Mae West—is of primary importance. The star took a stage play, added here, deleted there, and wound up with what studio executives believe is her best vehicle thus far. The star has studied the production of a film as assiduously as any scholar studies his lessons, and the result is that she has added technical touches in each of her films to make it better than the preceding one.

"Go West, Young Man" is the story of a motion picture star on a personal appearance tour whose car breaks down on a country road, which necessitates a stopover at a farm tourist home. In the film are her three famous leading men, Warren William, Randolph Scott and Lyle Talbot.

Here, just for a bit of by-play on the original question, is a cast Mae West could not have obtained anywhere but Hollywood—and she's quite frank in admitting it. "No star can carry a

play or picture alone. Your company is important, and much as I love Broadway, I'll admit I couldn't get as many topnotch leading men there as I can in Hollywood."

Yes, and there's another Chamber of Commerce item to be added. Hollywood has given Mae West a central point from which to see a lot of scenery—a pastime she overlooked in New York. A couple of hours and there's snow, or desert or ocean, take your pick. She confesses it's fascinating, this business of seeing what the United States looks like by daylight.

But predominant, as you no doubt have gathered, is the opportunity to take life a little easier. "Gives Venus a chance to take her cortex off," the star drawled.

**M**AE WEST has one claim to beauty fame not generally known. Her feet are the most perfectly formed in filmdom, according to the eminent sculptor, Emile Rigaudoux, who recently completed a cast of the star's foot.

Although Miss West has not the smallest feet among Hollywood's stars—Shirley Temple can boast of those—her pedal extremities are structurally perfect and might well serve as a model for famous painters and sculptors in all their masterpieces. Rigaudoux said.

"In this day," the sculptor remarked, "it is extremely difficult to find a woman's foot without a single blemish, yet that is exactly what I discovered when I called upon Miss West to preserve the perfect shape of her feet in bronze casts."

"Women's efforts to wear shoes smaller than they should, and their demands for incorrectly fitted footwear, simply because it happens to be the mode, have had their effects on the feminine feet of the world. Miss West is indeed fortunate in not only possessing such a beautiful foot but in keeping it so perfect."

Mae West's foot size is 4B. While this is not exceptionally small—Miriam Hopkins is reputed to wear a size 2½—it is entirely in proportion to her 115 pounds.

In her latest film the Westian foot will not

be seen—despite its perfectness. This is because the star is introducing the fashions of tomorrow—gowns considerably longer than those of today's mode, which sweep over the shoes as she walks.

The secret of Mae West's perfectly formed foot lies in the exercise she indulges in regularly. Not only does she employ massage to strengthen foot muscles, but she also does a series of flexing and tensing exercises designed to build those same muscles as athletes build other parts of their bodies.

**M**AE WEST as a lady with a sound sock in her right hand.

And Mae West as an expert at the nearly lost art of plastering custard a la Mack Sennett!

There's a couple of highlight situations in her newest picture.

In both instances, it was tall, suave and sophisticated Warren William who received what the curvaceous Mae "dished out."

Hoefully, Warren stood up before the sitting right cross of Miss West for one scene.

But when, in a night club sequence, he was called upon to catch a custard and whipped cream concoction full in the face, he admitted to some misgivings.

After the last story scene and as he delicately wiped custard and whipped cream from his hitherto faultless evening attire—not to mention a cherry lodged in his collar—William sighed deeply, and addressed the star:

"Much as I enjoy working with you, Miss West," he said, "I'm praying no one remembers that old gag of cracking a bottle over the head by way of christening."

"Double-talk" in romance is the new flip Mae adds to her famous technique of love in her new picture.

To the uninitiated, "double-talk" is defined as a patter of sounds interspersed with a few unrelated words, which, when heard, make no sense whatever, but which do convey a meaning, when accompanied by eye-flashes and shoulder shrugs.

# Jooss' Ballet To Visit Pacific Coast For First Time

Many Nationalities Included In Jooss' Renowned Ballet

By Jane Archer

WHILE Spaniard slays Spaniard in bloody, shell-racked Spain, and rioting fills the streets of Paris, and war threats gather in ominous clouds over the face of Europe, Kurt Jooss tours America for the third time with his European Ballet, including again in his repertory the ballet "The Green Table," perhaps the most eloquent peace propaganda ever launched.

This year Jooss brings his troupe to the Pacific Coast for the first time. For the first time audiences in California, Washington and Oregon will be privileged to see the famous dance macabre, the powerful "The Green Table," that won the International Dance Congress Prize in Paris in 1932; "The Big City"; "The Prodigal Son"; "Johann Strauss, Tonight!" and the rest of his ballets.

It was Germany's loss and the gain of the rest of the world when Hitler's anti-Semitic campaign drove Fritz Cohen, musical director and composer for the troupe, from that country. Jooss and the rest of the troupe naturally had to follow him, and now, exiles from their native land, their art belongs to the world.

For his peace propaganda Jooss has chosen artists from many nations—Germany, Holland, France, Russia, England and America. His "The Green Table" opens with five black-coated gentlemen on either side of a long table. They are gesticulating wildly, and although no words are uttered, a veritable symphony of windy talk is heard in pantomime. Old men and young politicians, poets and cranks, profiteers and fanatics of all kinds rant and rave. And it ends in war. Six grim scenes follow. Death in greenish black moves through them all. When he isn't actually dancing he is ever in the background. There are old mothers and young girls bidding farewell to their loved ones, suggested skirmishes, executions follow. And old and young patriot and traitor, mother and son—death claims them all. All save the diplomats, the same gentlemen who started the war. They are shown in the last scene, back at the Green Table. They alone are unharmed, busy planning another war.

JOOSS has stripped away all extraneous matter—he has dispensed with lavish costumes and the huge symphony—his sole accompaniment being two pianos. Yet he manages, surely, to present perfect wordless dramas.

As Arnold Haskell, confirmed balletomanne, has said of Jooss and his "The Green Table":

"He has enriched his repertoire of movement and has left the monotony of Central European posturing with its imprisoned earth-bound stamping far behind. . . . Frankly, I have doubts



Scene From the Ballet "Johann Strauss, Tonight!" Presented by the Jooss European Troupe Which Will Visit the Pacific Coast This Winter.

about the actual scholastic method, since I believe that classicism properly applied is all embracing, but there is one thing about which I have no doubts, and that is Kurt Jooss' choreographic genius and the inspiring leadership that has produced this remarkably sensitive and finely disciplined company of dancers.

"So far he is the only choreographer of world importance who has emerged away from the influence of Diaghileff, and there is the possibility that a considerable part in the future development of our art lies in his hands. Yes, it is a possibility that must be reckoned with:

THE father of Kurt Jooss was a farmer who also conducted a brewery. After finishing school, Kurt was expected to go back to the



Scene From the Charming "A Ball in Old Vienna" in the Repertory of the Jooss European Ballet, Composed of Dancers From Many Nations.

soil and follow in the footsteps of his forebears. This he did for a little while. Fired with the desire to dance, he went again to the city and studied under the same eccentric who taught Wigman. Not satisfied with this form of the dance, he abandoned it to produce his own ballets, all created by himself. In the meantime, he had met a talented young musician, Cohen, and persuaded him to join his troupe, and compose music for the Jooss ballets. Cohen was delighted with the opportunity and has remained with Jooss as musical director ever since.

Jooss' task, in the first place a formidable one due to lack of financial backing, was made still more difficult when Hitler's anti-Semitic campaign forced Cohen to leave Germany. Naturally, the whole troupe had to leave with him, first because as a musical director Cohen was practically indispensable; secondly, they were forced to leave their native Germany through friendship and loyalty. After roaming about and making several financially unsuccessful tours, the Jooss European Ballet finally found a pleasant, peaceful home at Dartington, England, where now, home from tours, they work in peace.

Jooss as artist and man is a simple, natural person. He seems indifferent to fanfare and publicity. He is so completely the artist, so fired with the ambition to improve his work, to perfect his art, that he would do it though he received no recognition whatsoever.

While in Germany Jooss married Aino Siimola, a charming Esthonian. At the age of 17, Aino was fired with the desire to dance. She finally persuaded her astounded family to allow her to join the practically unknown Jooss Ballet. There the headstrong young lady met Jooss and tells of their tempestuous courtship in these amusing words:

"While I admired his talent—it is more than genius, it was his persistent driving force with his pupils that called forth every rebel-

ious sentiment in my soul. I still do not know whether I spent more time absorbing his ideas or quarreling with him. When things came to the boiling point, I married him. Somehow, after that we stopped quarreling, and it seems that now our ideas harmonize to such an extent that I am his assistant. This doesn't mean that we always agree, but at least we are able to compose our differences and achieve a real collaboration."

THE sumptuous settings, luxurious atmosphere, splendidly beautiful costumes and large symphony orchestra of the Ballet Russe are missing in Jooss' European Ballet. So is the sense of frustration and confusion missing that is so often felt by the audience after a Graham or Wigman recital—the sense of frustration that is felt because, no matter how thrilling the dances may be, the audience has little conception of what they are about. They are not within the scope of experience of the average person.

There are no stars in the ballet. Each member knows that he must work, must do his best, and then work to make his best even better. He knows that the whole is far, far greater than the individual. Jooss has not broken with the classical school. He has stemmed from it. He early abandoned the unsatisfying angularities of the school of Wigman, Kreutzberg and others. He has struck about half way between the purely classical and the angular modern, and with his own genius has done something new in his own right.

This then is Kurt Jooss, this quiet young man, this young son of farmer stock, exile from his native land, modern, yet clinging to bits of the old classicism. And so he comes to America again, this young man with dancers in his troupe from half a dozen nations, to present the most stirring and bitter satire on war that a restless world has seen in recent years.



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Martha Meade

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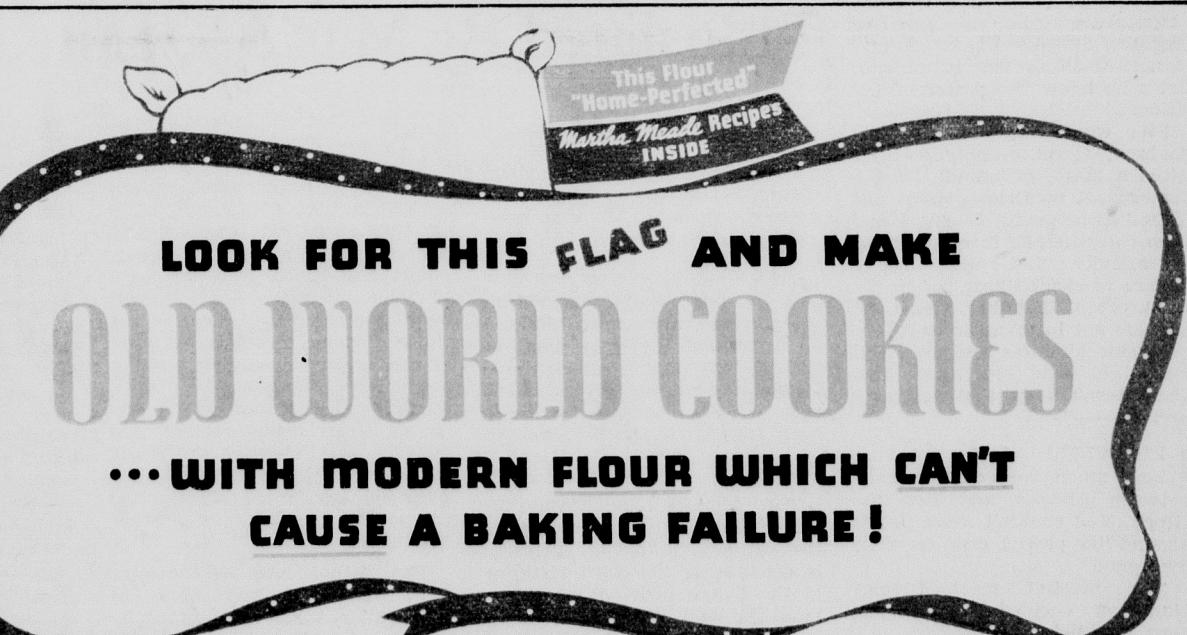
**Viennese Egg Cookies:** Golden wafers studded with candied fruit, a typical holiday dainty of gay Vienna.

**Mincemeat Rounds:** These come from Merrie England and make you think of Washington Irving and Charles Dickens.

**Swedish Cookies:** Brightly decorated ginger cookies that are loved in the land of the Vikings.

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# Tiger! Tiger! ~ ~ ~

*A Tense Drama Of Four Men And A Girl In Malacca When Suitor Returns After Five Years*

Part 1

"ANDREW has come—"

Hamilton muttered, touching a match to a cigarette.

"No, Hami! Sure of it?" I managed to get up from my desk, feeling too hot to stretch, perspiration running from my forehead, drying on my neck. The afternoon's rain had stopped, but the dampness didn't help. Hamilton's pallid wet face waved gently, warningly at me, blurred against the dripping bamboo awning by the office door.

"We must watch him, Jim. Get him out of Malacca before he kills Jason Brock. And runs off with Tim—"

Tim was Brock's wife. Approximately, we called her Tim because she was tiny; the name did not describe her frail loveliness, her delicate appeal.

"All right," I agreed. "We'll scoot Andrew out of town. I'm damned if I'll watch him." My rotund partner was bald about the affair, worried. Mostly, Hamilton minded his own business, like a conventional British broker of tiger skins and rice.

"Came on the noon boat," Hamilton went on. "He'll be present." He objected to mixing in other men's lives, but Andrew Trent might have been our twin—if we'd had the same parents and were born triplets. We three had traveled together, fought in France together, even loved the same girl—or thought we had. It was Tim, naturally, for all of us. For some ungodly reason, she had preferred Jason Brock, a pudgy, heavy-set mining man. Brock had ancestors and money, both of which suited the requirements of Tim's family—English, penniless, and demanding. Ungodly the reason was, yet Hamilton and I had recognized facts: we tried to look on Tim as a sister, which was stupid but in keeping with the code. Truth was, we hadn't loved Tim enough to fight for her, had not even proposed. We were habitual bachelors, drowning in the languid heat and iced brandies of Malacca. Hamilton had retired to our office, and I with him, more or less disgracefully—bowing to circumstances, leaving Tim to an egotist who knew the power of position.

"We won't talk about Tim to Andrew," Hamilton suggested. He lifted a bottle of brandy from a drawer, set up three glasses and looked as mournful as only Hamilton can when he foresees physical activity. "Let's send him to Jahore to shoot tigers."

"A potent thought," I said, "if Brock's not in town. Is he?"

"I say him this morning. But we might send him away, too. Tim doesn't know that Andrew's arrived—"

FROWNING soberly, not sure how much we could arrange between Andrew and Tim and Brock. You couldn't move people around like pawns, even for their own good.

"He mustn't meet Brock," Hamilton decided. "He hasn't seen him yet, anyhow."

"Where the deuce is Andrew?"

Buying a string of pearls from

Chin Gow. A nice necklace, it looked—"

"What the devil!"

"Costing a thousand pounds. Andrew's made money, you know."

"Hami—you're not bright."

My partner nodded, recognizing the possibility; he turned the bottle at an angle, half filling his small glass.

"The pearls are for Tim. Andrew's being ironic, or something youthful and dramatic."

"Suppose so," Hamilton admitted. "Anyhow—*he* murmured hopefully, "he always liked shooting tigers."

Hamilton was partially right. Andrew Trent had retired to North China to shoot whatever he came upon. Before he went he'd cornered Jason Brock in the kitchen of the Foreign Club, and given that plump gentleman a thorough beating.

Brock had just announced his engagement to Tim over a case of champagne. He'd made the mistake of waiting until Andrew had touched the glass to his lips—not knowing the reason for the celebration—before uttering his triumph. Andrew had dragged him into the pantry, from there to the kitchen, scattering the two Chinese cooks, and performed a skilled job upon Brock's person. The scullery, he'd said, was where Brock belonged, even to be taught manners. Andrew's hands had not improved the man's manners or his appearance.

IM had dashed in toward the end—it lasted a good half hour—seen the carnage, her fiance's bruised countenance, and made her own announcement: "Beast . . . To think I almost loved you, once. How I despise you, Andrew!" Poor Brock at that moment tried one vain swing toward Andrew's tight, grinning lips, and missed.



Tim Put Her Arm Against the Door, Gazing at Him as if She Had Found Something Lost a Long Time. Only Her Face, Rising Above the Wide Collar, Showed Emotion.

Andrew propped him up against a wall of hanging pots and pans, balanced him with one hand—turned to snap at Tim. "I know just leaving you something to recall the feeling." And his fist smashed Brock's battered face. Brock, pots and pans and a stack of dishes, all reached the floor together. Andrew turned his back, marched down to catch the first boat for Siam, and stayed five years; he made friends with a Buddhist priest and (we heard) bought a dozen ancient idols which he sold for a fabulous amount to American collectors. Tim helped Brock to the Malacca emergency hospital. The Foreign Club held the biggest celebration in its history that evening, and Brock never drank with us again.

"Hello!" A voice came from under the bamboo awning, and a shadow flung across my desk. It was Andrew. Tall, weather-beaten, his dark face muscled like the bark of a twisting tree. A big, violent hand seized my shoulder, dragged me to him.

"Easy," I said, "easy, Andrew. Don't crush me—" This in sheer self-protection. He looked enormous. His other arm reached for Hamilton, and bounced us together jovially. I began to know how Jason Brock had felt.

"It's centuries, lads, centuries . . . since I've seen you together." There was a queer tenseness to the deep voice that boomed in his chest. He held us off at arm's length.

"Five years or more," Hamil-

ton said, lifting the bottle. He seemed embarrassed, a bit sharp. "Where have you been?"

Andrew took three steps to a chair, and lowered himself carefully. His right knee gave a little, as he limped in.

"Look upon a fortune hunter who's made his fortune," he said. "And hurry with the glass, Hami—" He jerked his glass from the desk, and poured the liquor down his throat. "Wet, isn't it?" Did he mean the brandy or the afternoon?

"Where have you been?" Hamilton repeated, wiping his face.

"Tonkin, and up north. Tell you later." But he never told us more than that, though he hinted of lost temples, priests in ochre robes, and idols with jeweled eyes. He liked two things: violence and mystery. Well, one more: Tim.

"There's good shooting up a hore way," I said. "Tigers, thick as rabbits, they say I might take a month and go with you—?"

ANDREW grinned, filled his glass again and drained it at a gulp.

"I'll bet Hami suggested that! You know damned well I didn't come for shooting. Not tigers. Had my fill, lads No—"

"Business isn't startling," Hamilton muttered, shaking his plump cheeks. "We might all go along."

Andrew laughed at us. It was the rainy season, and he knew how bad the shooting would be.

"Tim got married to the fellow, I heard." It came out flatly.

Hamilton nodded. I looked at Andrew blankly; he'd known for years, probably. He was stating a fact, a condition which Hamilton and I had long since recognized, being practical humans.

"I'm a fool, my lads," Andrew said, smiling again. He'd a tight look around his eyes, but his lips parted, they curled up toward his lean cheeks. "I should have had this brainstorm before I dashed away and let her marry the fellow. Know what I'm up to?"

"Break down and tell us," I urged.

"I'm going to finish Brock. Shoot him to death. Not kill him outright. That's why I came back."

"It sounded crazy, but very like Andrew. Lads. Can't be too soon for me. Then—I'm off again. Made some friends up north, might even settle up there in the hills. No women, no drink, and lots of shooting. Bandits, occasionally."

Hamilton sighed with relief. "You won't make trouble for Tim?"

"Women complicate things."

## Juvenile Classic Of Delightful Tales Translated By Marie Kiersted Pidgeon

By Joan Rogers

"Afke's Ten," by Ninke van Hichtum. Translated by Marie Kiersted Pidgeon (J. B. Lippincott Company).

READY a juvenile classic in the Netherlands and recognized by the International Bureau of Education in Switzerland as one of the best "International Goodwill" stories for children ever written, "Afke's Ten" has been translated for the children of America by Marie Kiersted Pidgeon.

The American publication of this childhood classic comes as the author, Ninke van Hichtum, is celebrating her 75th birthday in the Dutch province of Friesland, the land in which the story is laid and the land beloved of the author.

"Afke's Ten" is the story of ten happy, mischievous Friesian children and their loving parents, Afke and Marten. These children might live anywhere, so truly are they portrayed—they are gay and lovable and very, very naughty at times. It is the story of their everyday life. Though poor, they have the gayest of times—going to school, playing in the flowery meadows, making snowballs, teasing the old tyrant, skating, all-day picnics on the canals—and often getting into mischief. And through the whole story runs the tender love of Afke for her brood of ten, and the loving discipline of Father Marten.

Ninke van Hichtum says, "I think it will interest you to know that I knew Afke and all her children. Her daughter was my servant maid, who brought the two little sisters with her, when her mother was weak after having her tenth baby. Everything went as I described it in my book, and I assure you, I did not paint this mother with untrue colors. Just because she was as I described her, I could not abstain from writing about this true mother!"

No one could believe that any of the characters in "Afke's Ten" are unreal. The characters are all portrayed so clearly and sympathetically that they must surely have their counterparts in real life in many countries of the world. How delightfully she gives us a peek into the life of children—their thoughts and little mottoes!

"Jetse, with his slice of bread, was sauntering down the roadway."

"I'm sorry," he kept saying to himself.

"He was also out of sorts, but his slice of bread gave him a mite of comfort in all this sadness. He took a good bite, and saw what a fine round bite that was. How clearly his teeth had made their mark in the soft mashed potato! Just one more bite close to the last! Once again, a good bite just as large as the first! And there again, were the clear marks of Jetse's teeth."

"Jetse was surprised and delighted. He bit all the crust off the bread in the same way. Only the center part was left, the nicest piece, on which the mashed potato was thickest. And that piece looked to him like an long star with points, all surrounded by an edge of tooth marks. It was beautiful! This was the daintiest bite of all! Jetse was very hungry. It was made to be eaten! In the twinkling of an eye the beautiful star had gone down Jetse's little red lane."

How true that is! I never knew a child yet that didn't save the choicest morsel to be eaten last of all, and then with greedy relishance.

"Afke's Ten" is beautifully and sensitively translated and illustrated charmingly by Hilda van Stockum of Holland, and cannot be too highly recommended.

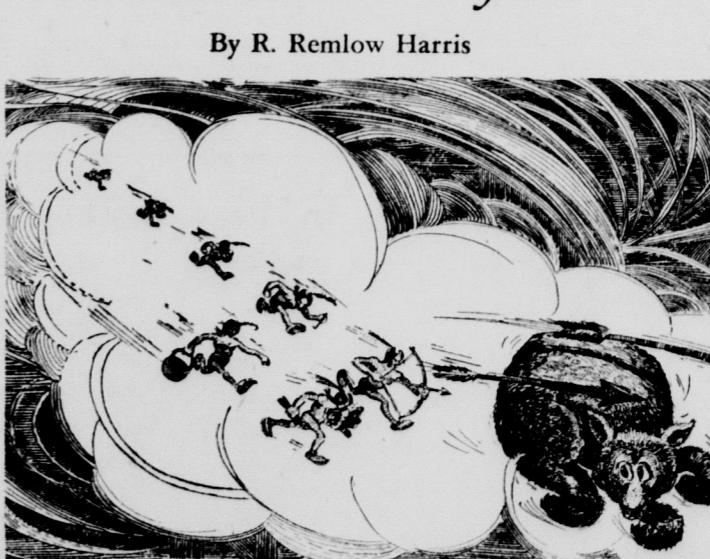
ANDREW grinned, filled his glass again and drained it at a gulp.

"Soon enough, lads. Can't be too soon for me. Then—I'm off again. Made some friends up north, might even settle up there in the hills. No women, no drink, and lots of shooting. Bandits, occasionally."

Hamilton sighed with relief. "You won't make trouble for Tim?"

"Women complicate things."

By R. Remlow Harris



"THE GREAT BEAR"

(The Legend of the Big Dipper)

EVEN Brothers hunted Big Bear—hunted many moons ago. Hunted him high in the mountain, chased him to the peak of snow. Then the Four Winds blowing fiercely, whirled them all into the sky.

In the Northern Sky it whirled them—there to hunt and never die.

Look, and you can see them hunting—hunting Bear like they did here—

Bear that now we call the North Star, hunting Braves are always near.

First Brave has his bow and arrow, then comes Brave with cooking pot.

Next is hunters' younger brother, carrying sticks to make fire hot.

First Brave never catches Big Bear; Brave with pot, no meat can cook;

Bear with sticks no fire has started. Bear keeps running. See him? Look?

Other Braves who with them started were not strong, so fell far back,

One behind the other running, on the trail like wild wolf pack.

Moon of Falling Leaves means Autumn, when leaves turn from green to red;

First Brave then wounds Bear with arrow, crimson leaves show where he bled.

Many, many Braves have hunted, many moons have passed on by.

Still the Seven Braves chase Big Bear, still they hunt him in the sky.

Andrew said, "I'm living a simple life, once I get rid of Brock—he's lived happily too long, any how."

Hamilton and I were both looking at Andrew, who faced the door. We saw his face change, a far-away look creep to his eyes. I swung around to see what he stared at, as Andrew lurched up.

"Oh," he said, quietly. "It's Tim—"

"Yes, it's I," the girl said, trying to smile and not succeeding. "I heard you'd come, and thought you might be here with Jim and Hami. How are you Andrew?"

IM put her arm up against the door, gazing at him as if she had found something lost a long time. Her white, slight figure was outlined in the early dusk; her short dress and blouse were crisp and fresh, conventional and stiff. Only her face, rising above the wide collar, showed emotion. It was oval, faintly flushed; she looked a little sad, more than a little lost.

"Hello, Tim," Andrew said. "I brought something for you." He searched his pockets, then brought out a string of perfectly matched pearls: pale yellow pearls. "They're yours," he said. "Catch!" And tossed them at her.

"Why, Andrew! Why bring them to me?"

"If I'd had the money for them five years ago," he said thinly, "you'd have married me. Now, you can have them for nothing. Will you please run away? I didn't come to see you—"

She winced at that. Then faint, unhappy lines drew around her brown eyes, in half-smile.

"You're still angry, aren't you, Andrew? After this long time?" Tim dropped the pearls into my empty glass, turned on her heel, and went down the street toward the docks.

That night Andrew, Hamilton and I dined at the Foreign Club with ceremony. Every Englishman in Malacca welcomed Andrew home again, wondered what he was up to, where he'd found his money, and (in murmured asides) what he'd do about Tim and Jason Brock.

We drank quite a bit. In fact, to be truthful, toward midnight everyone was mildly drunk except Andrew, who seemed to have an endless capacity. Hamilton tried to stay sober, but to humor our infrequent guest, he kept up with Andrew—with amusing results.

"Jahore!" Hamilton kept repeating. ". . . th place is jungles of Jahore . . . tigers, Andrew, tigers, m'boy!" Truth is unmerciful, and I wasn't in much better state. I was so damned glad to see Andrew again, I imagine we both tried to put him under the table for safe keeping. And were both unsuccessful.

"Tigers!" Andrew slapped his knee, very pleased. "Gives me another idea. Less dangerous. Amusing, too. Oh, it's a shame you'll miss it, both of you. . . ." Had any of us been able to reason at that moment, we would have taken Andrew to the hotel and stood watch over him. But Hamilton was too concerned with his proposed jaunt to the wilds of Jahore, where he and Andrew were to make their fortunes in tiger skins, with a few sacred idols on the side . . . as Hamilton said, "for pocket money!"

After midnight, Andrew rose on steady feet (a miracle to everyone who saw him), looked us over with a mildly bored expression.

Hamilton stared up at him, smiling foolishly.

"Hami, you're drunk." He looked down at me. "And so are you, Jim—" Then he limped out of the club.

"Hey!" Hamilton called after him. "Hey! Come back here—"

(To be continued)

## Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

"Denture Static" **WILL Tell Them You Wear FALSE TEETH**

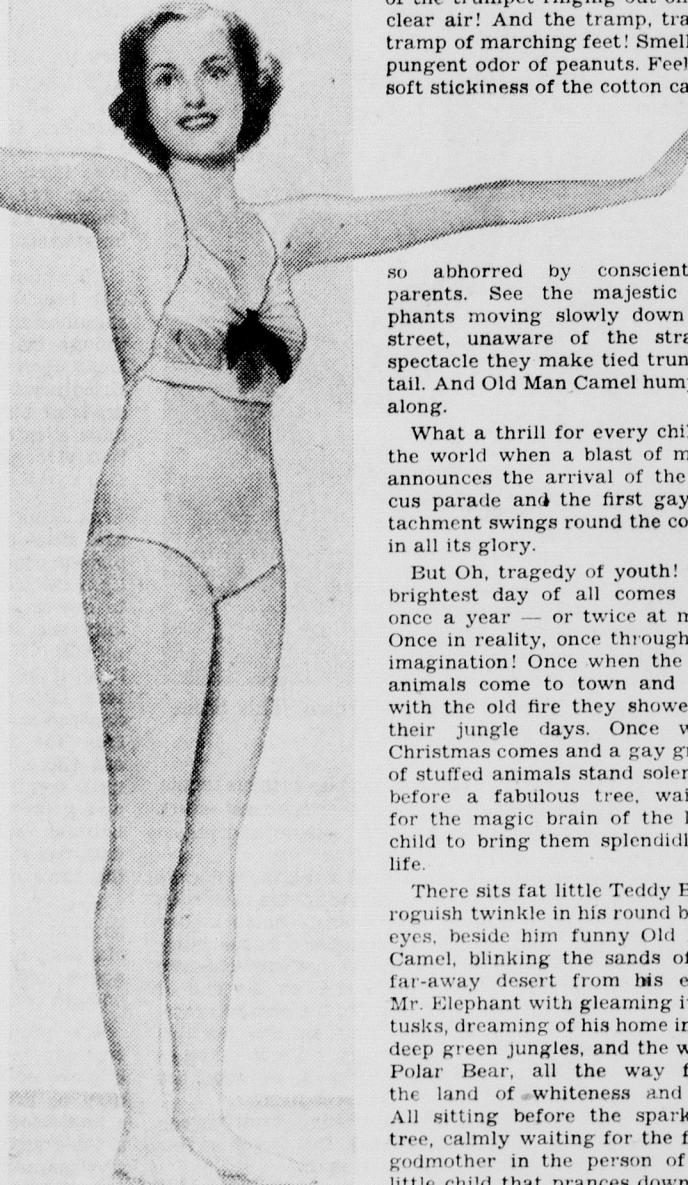
All clicking, hissing, mumbling, all clicking and popping out, caused by loose, ill-fitting dentures can be stopped by using FASTEETH dent

## Excercise Given Thighs, Hips And Waistline Will Control Lovely Figure

By Adrian Shawn

HERE is exercise No. 2 for the development of a beautiful little figure. Follow the instructions carefully and it will do wonders to reduce the waistline as well as making the thighs and hips firm and lovely in contour.

Stand erect, in the position shown. Arms level with the shoulders. This is the first position. Twist at the waist until the right hand points to the front and the left hand to the back. In turning



Photograph Courtesy of Joe Bonomo.

two weeks instead of one, you can work up to the 15 count.

Remember, you mustn't strain yourself. You must make exercising a pleasure, not drudgery.

And remember, this exercise must be done SLOWLY. Don't jerk and hurry and strain, if you want to build up your hips and thighs. Do it QUICKLY if you want to reduce the waistline. The exercise is the same. It only has different effect with the increase or decrease of the speed with which it is done.

SLOW movement to build up the hips and thighs.

FAST movement to reduce the waistline.

Do you have, as most of us do, a list of friends and acquaintances that deserve more than a printed card, and yet do not merit a gift? Try writing each of them a note on your own stationery this season, and you will be surprised at the return of greetings and good wishes.

## ★ ★ Fruit Cake Baked, Wrapped In New Glass Dishes, Makes Ideal Gifts ★ ★

### Favorite Recipes Presented In Baking Dishes Will Establish New Vogue In Gifts

By Jenny Reed  
Home Economics Editor

THE modern trend for gifts this year is to the practical side! The clever housewife will select several of the newest glass baking dishes and fill them with fruit cakes cooked from her favorite recipe. Then, wrapped with gay paper and ribbons, they are ready to present to her closest friends.

The proportions of this cake are ample for a cake to be eaten at home, one for gift purposes, and one to store away for post-holiday nibbling. Heavily fruited and pleasingly spiced.

ELYSIAN FRUIT CAKE  
1 cup uncooked prunes  
2 cups seedless raisins  
1 cup seedless raisins  
1/2 cup uncooked dried apricots  
1/2 cup sliced preserved orange rind  
1/2 cup sliced preserved lemon rind  
2/3 cup sliced candied pineapples

Rinse dried fruits, drain and dry on cloth. Cut prunes from pits in small pieces. If prunes are very dry, boil in sufficient water to cover for 10 minutes and drain before cutting. Cut apricots into fine strips. Combine all fruits, candied rinds, nuts, salt and spices, add honey, mix thoroughly and let stand 2 hours or longer. Cream sugar and butter, add slightly beaten eggs, extract, fruit juice, and stir; add flour sifted with baking powder and soda and beat well. Add fruit mixture and mix thoroughly. Pour into 3 pans or casseroles, decorate tops with blanched almonds, walnut halves, or any desired fruits or nuts. Bake in a slow oven (275 degrees F.) for 2 hours. If top is not sufficiently browned, raise temperature to moderate (350 degrees F.) and continue baking for 10 minutes.



New Glass Dishes Filled With Fruit Cake Make Gay, Attractive Gifts Under the Christmas Tree.

Cool and cover with lid and seal with paraffine before wrapping for a gift.

THOSE who are fond of ginger flavor will revel in the indescribable deliciousness of this

cake in the uncooked mode. The texture will immediately be identified with the mellow softness of old-fashioned soft ginger cookies.

#### UNCOOKED FRUIT GINGER CAKE

2 cups cooked prunes  
3 cups seedless raisins  
2 cups finely sliced citron

1 cup finely sliced lemon peel  
1 cup finely sliced orange peel

#### 2 cups quartered candied cherries

1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1 teaspoon allspice  
1/2 teaspoon cloves  
1/2 teaspoon salt

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2 cups quartered candied cherries

1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1 teaspoon allspice  
1/2 teaspoon cloves  
1/2 teaspoon salt

May be used immediately or will keep as well as ordinary fruit cake. Sufficient to fill a pan 9 inches wide and 3 inches deep. Weighs about 8 1/2 pounds.

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## Santa Must Be Coming—Here's Parade



### Decorations And Gifts Take The Spotlight

By Doris Lockett

HERE comes the parade! Ra-ta-ta-tat! Bom bom! Hear the solemn notes of the bass drum! Hear the melodious notes of the trumpet ringing out on the clear air! And the tramp, tramp, tramp of marching feet! Smell the pungent odor of peanuts. Feel the soft stickiness of the cotton candy



so abhorred by conscientious parents. See the majestic elephants moving slowly down the street, unaware of the strange spectacle they make tied trunk to tail. And Old Man Camel humping along.

What a thrill for every child in the world when a blast of music announces the arrival of the circus parade and the first gay detachment swings round the corner in all its glory.

But Oh, tragedy of youth! This brightest day of all comes only once a year — or twice at most. Once in reality, once through the imagination! Once when the real animals come to town and roar with the old fire they showed in their jungle days. Once when Christmas comes and a gay group of stuffed animals stand solemnly before a sparkling tree, waiting for the magic brain of the little child to bring them splendidly to life.

There sits fat little Teddy Bear, roguish twinkle in his round black eyes, beside him funny Old Man Camel, blinking the sands of his far-away desert from his eyes; Mr. Elephant with gleaming ivory tusks, dreaming of his home in the deep green jungles, and the white Polar Bear, all the way from the land of whiteness and ice. All sitting before the sparkling tree, calmly waiting for the fairy godmother in the person of the little child that prances down the stairs so early Christmas morning. And she arrives, though no one but she will know it, the animals will all come to life.

AT little Teddy Bear will tumble around in the most playful manner in spite of his waistline. Old Man Camel will come to life and lead another caravan over the burning sands. Mr. Elephant will storm through the jungle, trumpeting at every step of the way. White Polar Bear will move nimbly over the slippery floating ice of his Arctic wasteland.

And when the child gets tired of their entertainment she will lie down and go to sleep. The Parade of the Animals will start then. With measured step they will move, line after line, through the streets of her imagination, and

when she is sound asleep, they will go back to their posts under the bright tree, waiting patiently for morning and the fun to begin all over again.

Toy animals are as highly favored by small boys and girls as they ever were when the gingham dog and the calico cat reigned supreme. The Christmas collections this season are as diverse as a circus. Shown here is a typical line-up, including a bear, elephant, camel, and lion to lie down with the woolly lamb which brings up the procession. They're all woolly and cuddly, gift animals that are destined to share the bed of many an adoring young man or maid. They make up a menagerie that looks very festive with its background of glistening trees.

If there's a particularly dainty little girl on the list this Christmas, she would be sure to adore the lovely little girl doll pictured on this page at Mr. Teddy Bear's right. She's as sweet and charming as any girl doll could possibly be and quite rightly rejoices in the pretty old-fashioned name of Henrietta. The wide-eyed doll in the cross-barred frock, complete with feather hat, pocket book, and a glimpse of petticoat is in sharp contrast, but the Teddy Bear seems as indifferent to one as to the other.

WITHOUT losing sight of the traditional gestures that make Christmas the exciting occasion it is in every country where the visit of Santa Claus is eagerly awaited, the modern trend in Christmas remembrances is completely new and definitely in the spirit of the present day. Even Christmas trees have been transformed. Not that the tree, green and sweet smelling is no longer seen, but in present-day apart-



If There's a Particularly Dainty Little Girl on the List This Xmas, She Will Be Sure to Adore the Lovely Little Girl Doll on Mr. Teddy Bear's Right. The Wide-Eyed Girl in the Cross-Barred Frock Is in Complete Contrast But the Teddy Bear Seems as Indifferent to One as to the Other.

ments and houses the glittering synthetic tree seems more at home. Such a tree does, in fact, make a most interesting background for the unique dolls and gypsies with their pig under her arm, little Orphan Annie and a brisk Scotch lass.

The new collection of dolls this season is most amusing. Each one has a definite character of its own, for no longer does a little girl want only baby dolls and golden-wigged beauties. Her taste is far more informed, and collecting dolls of various types is almost as great a hobby with the school girl of today, as it is with older students of costume design. To choose one of these character dolls for any little miss on one's

Christmas list, is to be certain of a most successful gift. Naming just a few to be had is Pan, the sunflower girl, old salt, a colorful gypsy with her pig under her arm, little Orphan Annie and a brisk Scotch lass.

Next to something to wear, a girl loves something for her room, and this season the manufacturers have given tremendous importance to every type of gift for young girls and tiny tots.

## Menu Of The Week

By Joan Andrews

THE uses of sour milk are infinite, and so few people use this magic ingredient to the best advantage. Used in cake baking, for example, sour milk gives you a moist, tender and luscious cake. You don't have to wait for your sweet milk to turn sour, either—you can buy rich, smooth, sour milk or cream from your dairy. Today's menu is climaxed by a delicious sour milk chocolate cake.

Cranberry Juice Cocktail  
Roast Loin of Pork  
Browned Potatoes  
String Beans in Cream  
Sweet Pickled Apricots  
Lettuce and French Dressing  
Avocado-Pineapple Mousse  
Sour Milk Chocolate Cake

To make the cake, sift together 1 cup sugar, 1 1/2 cups cake flour, 1/2 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt and

2 teaspoons rum flavoring

1 1/2 cups (1/4 pound) butter

1 cup strained honey

2 cups broken walnut kernels

10 cups finely ground ginger snap crumbs

6 cups finely ground zwieback crumbs

Pit prunes and slice. Rinse

raisins, drain, and dry thoroughly.

Combine all fruits, peels, spices, salt, flavoring; blend thoroughly.

Cream butter, honey thoroughly, pour over fruits, mix well, and let

stand for 1 hour to soften fruit.

Add crumbs, nuts, and mix until

well blended. Pack in a buttered

spring mold or pan, pressing down

as firmly as possible, being sure

that edges are well packed. Let

stand overnight before unmolding.

May be used immediately or will

keep as well as ordinary fruit

cake. Sufficient to fill a pan 9

inches wide and 3 inches deep.

Weights about 8 1/2 pounds.

## Help Kidneys

Clean Out Poisonous Acids  
Your Kidneys contain 9 million tiny tubes or filters which may be endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Be careful. If functional Kidney or Bladder disease makes you suffer from Getting Up at Night, Nervousness, Loss of Power, Leg Pains, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, Neuralgia, Acidity, Burning, Smearing or Itching, don't take chances. Cystex, the most modern advanced treatment for these troubles, \$10.00 deposited with Bank of America, Los Angeles, Calif., guarantees a cure. Cystex must bring new vitality in 48 hours and make you feel years younger in one week or money back on return of empty package. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (Siss-Tex) today. —Adv.

## CHECK THAT COUGH BEFORE IT GETS WORSE

Check it before it gets you down. Check it before others, maybe the children catch it. Check it with FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR. The double-acting formula contains quick relief and speeds recovery. Soothes raw, irritated tissues; quickly relieves tickling, hacking. Spoonful on retiring makes for a cough-free sleep. No children, too. Don't let that cough down to a cold hang on! For quick relief and speeded recovery insist on FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR. Adv.

# Surf Fishing In Wintertime Is No Sport For Sissies

## Many Men Brave Rain, Running Seas, To Try Luck With Heavy Tackle

By Richard W. Emery

**W**HEN winter rides whitecaps along the sea's crest, the surf caster shuffles into his warmest sweater. He puts on his boots and his last year's pants. Under one arm he tucks a quart vacuum bottle full of coffee, and under the other a scaly tackle box. Fishing rod over his shoulder, away he hikes for the beach.

Summer has many sports; winter has few. From end to end of the Pacific Coast, surf anglers hang on all through the cold months, the season's most obvious evidence that optimism never dies. They fish from rocks; they fish from long, shallow beaches. They brave jetties at night. By bonfire-light along desolate strands they bait for corbina, spotfin, surf perch or what-have-you.

Perhaps their catch won't fill the sack as full as summer's angling did. But they find in winter fishing a whole new set of obstacles and inspirations. Where in summer the surf casters were greeted by a sweet warm breeze, a broiling sun, an idle sea and many a fine fat fish, in winter they must face a chill wind, a dull or threatening sky, and a surf and sea beyond that dare them to do their casting.

The true surf caster loves his sport the more for its added miseries in the cold months. If he catches fewer fish, at least the winter fish are savagely hungry and willing to give him a hard fight! His blowing on chilled hands, his annoyance at lighting a pipe despite blasts of wind, his stamping of wet feet, and his patient casting and recasting—all have their sweet reward in a tussle with some slippery grandfather fish.

Now a trout fisherman first encountering a surf caster might wonder whether the ocean fisher were after whales, or perhaps trying to snare the sunken wreck of an old ship. The tackle is heavy!

**N**O MERE willow whip will do for casting a six- or eight-ounce sinker 200 feet into the wind's teeth. The fisherman must put his full strength behind that long, sweeping cast.

Woe his lot if a snarl impedes the whistling flight of sinker and line! Line or leader snaps, and sinker disappears forever.

The surf casting rod is truly enough to make any trout fisherman stare. It is eight or ten feet long, of brown or yellow bamboo. Of course, there are plutocrats who own expensive two-piece rods, but such are outnumbered 20 to 1 by the one-piece type. The rod carries a double multiplying reel with 150 or 200 yards of 30-pound test line.

Every fisherman has his own rules for tackle, but a standard leader for the sport is of heavy gut, four or five feet long, with from two to four hooks. The sinker is a thumb-sized weight designed to hold against water-drag.

Bait is a problem which turns the surf caster prematurely gray. Shall it be clams tonight, or rock worms, or how about mussels this evening—or what do you say about sand crabs? The tormented fisherman frets over such questions even more than he stews over weather and tide, the moon's phases, temperature of the surf around his knees, and lateness of the hour.

Some fishermen are strong for finding their own bait. Rather than stoop to buying razor clams and mussels, they would spend hours grubbing in mud flats or sieving the surf for elusive sand crabs. Other fishermen long ago became resigned to the placing of a quarter or half-dollar on the bait vendor's counter.

Some surf casters fish alone. On a desolate beach at night they may be mistaken easily for stub pilings, unless they move. Hour after hour, with the surf booming and the clouds scudding across the moon, they bait, cast, stand ankle deep, puff smoke for five or ten or fifteen minutes, and then if no strike comes they reel in the line and do it all over again.

**M**ANY a spectator has watched such a procedure for an hour or so and then turned away, shaking his head. Yet the casters swear by their sport. What could make a man waste half the night in cold sea water, with the winter wind on him?

Old-timers at surf casting learned long ago not to try to explain their enthusiasm. The sound of rushing waves, the sting of wind, the searching for a game fish out somewhere in half-visible breakers—all that is enough to satisfy the oldsters at the game. Such fishing is close to nature, closer than almost any other popular modern sport. The fisherman is alone with the elements which man has loved ever since he found the sea. When he dips his tackle into the ocean's brink, it's anybody's guess what kind of sea creature maygulp the hook.

Sting-ray or skate may give the angler a battle and a disappointment. A five-foot shark may test his skill and cut his line with a swat of a horny tail-fluke.

One persistent surf caster, on a dreary evening, was electrified by feeling a terrific strike. Before he could get his cold hands into play, the reel was singing and the rod leaping. Delighted at first, he soon became alarmed. By pressing his thumb hard against the spinning



Sea Winds and the Tossing Waves Are Music in the Ears of Surf Fishermen. This Scene Is Typical of Surf Fishing Along the Pacific Coast.

core of line, he turned but did not slow his hooked adversary.

Running along the beach to keep even with the line, he called upon fisherman's luck to help him in his moment of need. The taut line took him farther and farther along the beach. He splashed ankle-deep in the wash and floundered knee-deep when waves caught him. Grimly he kept a strain on the line, fearing to feel it drop slack.

A quarter-mile from his original stand he hauled his opponent into a breaker and whisked it into shallow water. There was no silvery flash of fish's belly. Amazed, he saw a black creature which floundered like a dog. He turned a flashlight beam on it. With velvety black eyes the creature returned his gaze.

**H**E HAD snared a sea lion pup with his tackle. Like every other sport worth honest effort, surf casting has its hazards, mental and physical.

The angler may prepare all week for a night's fishing. He may take apart and oil his reel, soak and tie new leaders, save a day's lunch money for bait, and in due time embark in his automobile, leaving behind his 17 howling children and his wife. Miles from home, on the end of some dismal sand spit far from the nearest crossroads, he may discover that he has left his hooks at home, or come away without matches or tobacco, or his lunch, or bait, or even the all-precious sinkers, or the reel itself.

The ocean has a way of picking up driftwood at ebbing tide, transporting the wood a few miles and casting it ashore again.

None but a surf caster can know the dread of meeting such debris in the breakers. Hurling shoreward, a soggy timber can entangle a line and a few moments later, sweeping out in a backwash, carry out good line despite all the angler's curses.

Surf fishermen who watch through the window at home while a storm rages, and who at the first sign of clearing, go dashing to the beach with tackle ready—they know another hazard.

Rough sea digs along the reefs and shores, rootling up kelp. For days thereafter, no surf caster can retrieve a line without snagging seaweed. In masses, it drifts in, almost invisible, making every surf caster's life a misery and a chore.

**G**ROUND swells are both a peril and a joy. They can drag a sinker as big as a kitchen stove, but they bring the hard-hitting spotfin croakers. If the caster is man enough to pitch a heavy sinker into the breaker-line, he may take home a fine catch. If he can't pitch the sinker far enough, he probably forsakes his temper, and with gestures and vocal display he may condemn Old Man Sea.

Sometimes the fisherman stands on a clean, wet beach, the moon a big lantern over the shimmering ocean. Peace fills his soul, and even though his burlap fish sack may be empty, he looks upon the moonlit water with eternal hope. Hundreds of yards offshore are sea ducks, hundreds of black specks. Overhead a ghostly gull flaps silently, a creature akin to the man. Like two eye each other.

At other times the night is dark. The waves are cracking with bursts of bluish light, the phenomenon of phosphorescence. In pale starlight the fisherman stands, eyes wide in attempt to descry one black object from another in the inky sea. Miles out, a point of yellow light is moving. He knows it is moving, yet for an hour it has been out there, the starboard lantern of a fishing boat. On such a night the angler's imagination may call out strange things from the depths. He may start seeing a Thing out there, watching him. He may stare at it until from head to foot he thrills with prickles and gooseflesh. In grisly desperation, he may become rooted to the beach while the Thing detaches itself from the surf and comes slithering toward him.

When his terror has reached even his hair, so that each individual hair on his scalp is standing erect and holding his hat two inches above his crown, perhaps he may recover enough sense to turn a flashlight on the Horror.

It's probably only a big mass of seaweed washing in on a long slow wave. Or it can be a piece of a wrecked ship, long adrift. There may be life in the Object; his terror may get a final boost. In the flashlight beam he may find a 400-pound sea lion, an inquisitive but inoffensive mammal.

